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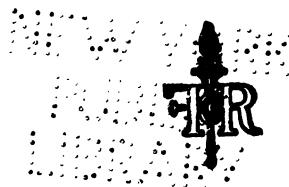
Some Impressions of a World Tour

1

By

PAUL RADER

*President of the Christian and
Missionary Alliance*



NEW YORK

CHICAGO

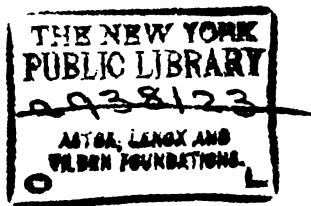
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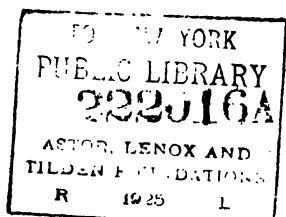
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INTRODUCTION

HAVE you a secret longing to poke your nose into every strange nook and corner 'round this round world? Do you long to go where monkeys swing from the trees and say sassy things, as they leap in liberty from limb to limb?

Do you want to gaze long, and almost stare out of countenance some person of a strange people, look unto his eyes, until his soul says "hello!" by a smile or movement of the lids.

Yes, we all have this secret longing to look and look all around this old world. It is a joy. It is fascinating. It enlarges our mind with every log of the ship.

As a cow-puricher, my first reward was a trip to the stock-yards in Chicago with car-loads of cattle. I came in a caboose, or a Ford Pullman, on the end of the cattle train. We loaded at our little town in Wyoming. It was my town, my city, my metropolis. There I had stood and watched the trains at the station. I remember crying, as a youngster, because I couldn't go with the train out and out somewhere and see the world.

Well, my town was a big town to me. There was

INTRODUCTION

the company store and, in it, the post-office and a real live postmaster, old Long Bill. He was the smartest man in town. His brother, Short Bill, didn't know half as much. Then, we had a blacksmith shop with a long cottonwood pole railing on either side where the cowboys tied their horses. Then, beside these two great city edifices, we had a depot and a water tank.

When there was a wreck on the line, the train stopped at our town.

Well, as I say, I was given the trip to Chicago. I certainly looked into its open windows.

I met a man who said "hello" to me. The rest all passed without speaking. You see, they didn't understand how to live in Chicago. Long Bill spoke to everybody in our town and said everybody should speak to everybody else. A young Englishman came to work on one of the ranches who wouldn't speak to the citizens of our city—so he got fired. I was just looking for a way to fire these Chicago folks, when this man saved the day by saying "hello." Then he asked me my name. I wondered at that. We never asked each other's name in my town, because some of the cow-punchers did not like to think of who they once were. So we just had a habit of saying, "Hello, Shorty," or "Bud," or anything you cared to call a body, just so you smiled a bit when you said it.

He asked me where I was from? Where else could I be from? The idea of asking me. Everybody in my town knew I had gone to Chicago, and this fellow didn't even know what they knew. I put

him down for a rube right away. A rube is a country-jake, who don't come to town often and can't keep up with the city progress.

I asked this fellow if he knew Long Bill? Bless my heart, this rube said he never heard tell of Long Bill. Of all the ignorance! Who on earth did he know, if he didn't know Long Bill. There was no need of my asking if he knew anyone else, if he didn't know the smartest man in town. So I was sure this man was a rube. I told the boys when I got home what a bunch of rubes and queer fellows lived in Chicago.

I've made other trips since then. The very next trip I made I discovered something, and if I have ever made any intellectual progress since it is because of the discovery.

Listen! I discovered that *I* was a rube.

We think in this country very often what I thought about my home spot, namely, that knowledge, wisdom, the how of everything centers about us, and that the rest of men are "rubes."

A trip around the world will make any man feel that he is the rube.

Take the world on your heart, and your little depot will throng with trains, with caravans of camels and elephants, coolies, and cabmen, Long Bills, and, better yet, will pop up with black skin and yellow. Ideas you thought were invented in your little city blacksmith shop, you'll find a man using with an old goat-skin for a bellows on the shores of the Mediterranean, working metal into an artistic gong, of which your blacksmith could not

INTRODUCTION

possibly produce the like without a generation of craftsmen to teach him.

You'll find some of these dark-faced "rubes" making a rug of which you could not duplicate even the dyes that coloured the woolen threads. The old rubes of China were making gunpowder before we ever had a Fourth of July to celebrate.

Well, if I had any idea that other people outside of America were rubes, I lost it in my trip 'round the round world.

I'll tell you the best I can what I found when I poked my nose into strange corners of this old earth, and saw strange people with funny clothes, horrible manners, shocking customs.

But really the greatest wonder with the greatest number of human beings is that they are so much like *us* behind their curtains of skin.

P. R.

CHICAGO, ILL.

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I

A VISION AND A CALL

IT IS one thing to go around the world. It is quite another thing to be called around the world. Paul saw the man of Macedonia. He was none other than Jesus Christ Himself, saying, "Come over to Macedonia and help us." I went around the world because I heard the call of starving millions, of the millions who knew not Christ. I thank God I ever caught a vision of a lost world.

Around this big, round world, men and women are going down into Christless graves. In the awful midnight of death's woe I can hear their wail. This is a call so tremendous that no man or woman having heard it can do any other than answer to the call.

There is much to be seen, so much that is beautiful, marvellously beautiful, around this round world, but, underneath it all, behind it all, is the cry and the call of dying millions who have never heard of a Saviour.

Surely, the words of the men who spoke to Elisha in Jericho concerning the city and its outlook is wonderfully true as a text, for the whole world condition. These men said, "The situation of this city is pleasant, but the water is nought and the ground

barren." Jericho, resting there between the hills of Moab and the hills of the wilderness, looking out upon Jordan and the Dead Sea, and north toward the Sea of Galilee, is certainly pleasant for situation. About it, however, is a barren land, salt-soaked and croppless; also the water is brackish and rank.

So it is, even where the scenery and the grandeur is most splendid the world around. Religion, which represents the water of life, is rank and brackish and woefully bitter to the taste of mortals, causing unutterable cruelties and privations, with added unspeakable immoralities. Yes, in the presence of these natural wonders, the barren souls, the broken human hearts stand about you, ghastly sodden and ignorant. They have been deadened by centuries of superstition and vice. If one can keep his mind from the people and travel 'round the world, his heart will dance with delight at the superb wonders, the marvel of the views, the oddities, the colours, the fruits, the birds, the animals and flowers.

This I could not do, for, mingled into the landscape, were the millions of men for whom Christ died, who have never heard the gospel.

Before I left Chicago, at the farewell meeting in my tabernacle, some of my words of farewell, as reported in one of the papers, were the following:

"God has given me a passion for the evangelization of the world. I have no dependence upon myself, but I have a Christ who has all power, who hungers for the salvation of the world, and He is going to have His way. I am going

out to the uttermost parts, asking that He might give me a vision on this journey. I want to bring this vision back to the young men, the older men, the business men of our generation, that they might rise up in a great crusade these last days before He comes and circle the world with the gospel. The intoxication, the elixir of His presence in my heart toward this one great objective obsesses me. I can think of nothing, I can dream of nothing but the joy of being a fellow-servant with the Holy Spirit in getting this gospel at last to the uttermost part and bringing Jesus back again to this old world.

“If there ever was a need for a forward movement in world evangelism, the hour has struck; it is our last chance. If we will believe God in spite of criticism and opposition, He will give us such a revival in the Body of Christ as we have never known and we will get this gospel out to *all* the world.

“If you forget everything I have said, will you remember one word, and let it flash out as an electric sign in your brain—*Prayer, Prayer, PRAYER, PRAYER!!!*—prayer as individuals, prayer as organizations? ‘Pray ye the Lord of the Harvest,’ Cry to God, and the fire will fall and the revival will come. *If the devil cannot beat us in prayer, he cannot beat us anywhere.*”

II

LETTING GO THE SHORE LINES

WE stood on the deck of the Cunard liner *Carmania*. "Cast off," called the officer. The ship's shadow moved on the wharf; the crowd sang, "To the Regions Beyond I Must Go;" the whistle blew loud and long, muffling the music; and Mrs. Rader and myself were off for Europe and the lands of midnight gloom.

My mind flew back, past the group on the wharf, to the crowd in Calvary Baptist Church in New York the night before in a glorious farewell service, and, in the afternoon, there, on the high hillside at Nyack. What a time of melting and revelation of His presence came to us in the chapel! They sat and sobbed for the joy of His inward workings, those three hundred young missionaries in the making. At the close of the service they lined up along the winding hill-road leading to the station, boys on one side, girls on the other. Between those lines of consecrated lives we walked with bared heads and trembling hearts, awed by the flash of resolve in the bright, moist eyes of those soldiers of the cross.

Coming to a little side path on the hill, we left the lines and hurried to a small home nestling among the autumn leaves. There Mrs. Simpson, the widow of the beloved founder of the Alliance, was sitting

on the porch, looking toward the depot, to which many of the students were hastening, their white and coloured clothing visible here and there through openings in the shrubbery bordering the steep path. Upon her head, shielding her eyes from the setting sun, was an old hat of her husband's, one that had once crowned that noble brow of his and shaded the eyes that looked so quickly into yours, reading you at a glance, and winning you just as quickly. Perhaps she was dreaming of him just then.

At our approach she sprang up, almost young, threw her arms about us in a warm embrace and greeted us with a kiss. A sacred, lovely kiss from lips of love for those who love the Lord and were going far to tell the story of salvation. Off down the hill we ran, waving a farewell, while she called after us, "Tell all the missionaries I love them."

We're on the ship now, the steward has made the last call for mail, so we stop writing for now. We will tell the missionaries how you all love them.

III

TIES THAT BIND AND BUILD

WE are out, way out on the deep, with a faultless sky as a canopy, for this Sunday on-board ship. "Divine services at 10:30" reads the notice on the bulletin board. The captain led the service in the dining-room, the centre table being covered with the British flag. Behind him, row on row, stood the maids, the stewards, the officers, the waiters, making up the Episcopal choir. The service started. I felt a sense of shame, for I knew nothing of what was being said. To be sure, I was handed a book when I entered, and I hunted through it speedily to find the place where they were reading, but with no success. I caught a word or two of what was being said, but by the time I found the place they were two pages farther on, for I never heard words said so quickly in my life. They were chanted, to hurry them along faster. I had come to service, but the service was running away from me so fast I couldn't catch it.

Then came relief. The Captain announced a hymn, on the way up from kneeling, and they were at it before I could open a book. The Captain said, "Number one hundred ninety-seven," and by the time the last verse was reached I found that number 197 was 256 in *my* book. I found the place, grabbed

the last line, and the "Amen," frantic to have some part in "divine service." I was fortunate to get that line, for it was the tail end of the whole service, and the benediction closed it up just as I was getting ready to begin to commence to enter in. I am so glad that those who understood it had their part in "Divine Service."

Feeling the need of meeting the blessed Lord face to face, I found that we had some missionaries aboard. I invited them all to my room. We sat Japanese fashion around the room and went to prayer. The folks who walked by caught the "Amens" and praises to God, and the sweet choruses that came from our hearts in love and adoration to our glorious Saviour, Lord, and coming King. The prayers circled the world, rested in the homeland long enough to ask for heart ease and peace for our loved ones, then on in fiery faith to God for those who sit in darkness in the habitations of cruelty. We prayed for all the folks on shipboard and asked for openings to lead some to know our Saviour. Already this prayer is answered and the openings have come.

All sorts are on board—doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief, rich man, poor man, but not the beggar-man or thief so far as I know. We have many "chiefs." Two English lords and their ladies are sailing with us, and one lord *without* his lady. You must hear of this outstanding man, Sir Berkley G. A. Moynihan. He has just made a short visit to America. He came over to this side to present a mace from the war surgeons of Great Britain to the war sur-

geons of America. The mace was presented in Montreal, where Sir Berkley read his oration on the great surgeon, J. B. Murphy of Chicago, before the College of American Surgeons.

This beautiful hand-carved silver mace from the surgeons of Great Britain is about four feet in height and mounted on a piece of English oak from a tree more than one thousand years old. On the body of the mace is carved "Hunter," that English father of experimental surgery; "Lister," the father of antiseptic surgery; and "Physick," the father of American surgery, a pupil of Hunter's, who settled in Philadelphia. Between the emblems of Great Britain and the United States is a maple leaf, the emblem of Canada,—uniting the two, all bound up in a common task.

He read me his speech of presentation, and I found it to contain much fine sentiment, ably expressed.

In a warm moment of discussion I had with Sir Berkley he said suddenly: "Mr. Rader, what is the value of life but the chance to give it away in service?" You see four long years of intense war surgery and the horror of battlefields had not singed this man's soul. "Willingness to give life is real living," he said again in a splendid flight of thought. "Look at Dr. Rankin, one of our noble surgeons. Shot in the thigh at 9:30 in the morning, he would not even let his wound be dressed until he had cared for every wounded man before him. All day long they brought them to him, and he finished the last man at eleven o'clock. Only then he turned to look

after himself. He took poisoning in the wound, and was dead in three days. Some might have criticised and said self-care would have meant more care for the boys. True, but Oh what a man to forget *that* in giving for others. Such idealism as this is the real wealth of a nation. America and England are tied together in this bond of blood."

He meant by this (I found, as we talked on) that, though we speak of blood kinship with England, it is the kin of live ideals that flow in that blood which are really the bond between our two great peoples. Indeed, it is necessary that these two nations in this, the world's darkest hour, should stand together in their life ideals, which are, after all, even thicker than blood. Many speak of the United Kingdom of Great Britain as if it were united by some great navy, army, or physical force. This is not true. Some think, on the English side of the water, that American states are held together by a constitution and army force; but, in both the case of England and that of America, it is living ideals that hold stronger than force.

Germany tried to build by force. Who forced Canada to come into the World War? She came voluntarily—not by force. Australia did the same. Uncalled for, she reported for orders. The Maharajah of India waited long, after England's entrance into the war, for an invitation or a summons, and was forced finally to send this message to His Majesty, the King of England and Emperor of India (see if you can find force in this message): "Has my sovereign no orders for me or my people?" The

King answered in words that said, "Come on if you wish."

Yes, here is proof that bands stronger than blood, mightier than force, and higher esteemed than life, *per se*, can hold great peoples together.

Our blessed Lord brought this sentiment of *living by giving* to this earth. It is not native here. He gave Himself for us. He died that we might live. What others speak of as ideals we Christians recognize as more than an ideal. To us who are Christian, this ideal life is the life of the Son of God, and at the new birth this life of Christ becomes *our* life. No wonder the world does not believe in Christ when we who are Christians allow self instead of Himself to be manifested. It cannot be creed or organization which holds Christians together. Only this love wherewith He loved us, flowing from our hearts to each other and a lost world will make men believe that we are one with Him. We have talked church as Britain has talked navy, until the world believes that church and navy has power, but it is idealism behind the navy of Britain that has given it force, and it must be a new baptism of Holy Ghost love behind the church that will give her power with men. It must be love that will not rest at ease, but go to dying men and even die for men.

Oh for a new movement in the Body of Christ to-day, started, not by calls from organizations, nor from planned federations, but from love of the lost, love that counts not the cost, volunteering, going, throbbing love: yes, the love of Christ, Calvary love, let loose, hot into given-up human hearts. Oh, for

this love turned loose on a perishing world! Oh, for a love of Christ and man in the churches of our day, that will make each one send this message to the blessed Lord Jesus, "Has my sovereign no orders for me and my people?" He will answer back, "Come, if you wish."

Love cannot command obedience or service. It can only wait. He is waiting! Send your message, and bring along your troops consisting of talents, time, money, life. He is going forth to conquer. Will we go along?

"Come, if you wish!" It is the only answer God's great love can make. "But the greatest of these is love."

IV

THE THICKNESS OF LIFE

SUNDAY morning, just after service, we sighted land, and all the afternoon we watched the shores of old Ireland. It looked paradise-like from the ship, with its beautiful rim of hills against a mauve sky. It was hard to believe that rancour reigned the other side of those hills.

All the Englishmen I met aboard are wounded in heart by the attitude of the United States regarding Ireland. It seemed the very definite opinion that Catholicism and that alone was the fly in the ointment. Their hearts' grief comes from a dejected feeling over our unwillingness to understand that it is all a Catholic propaganda, and that we, in America, are being so blinded by Catholicism's Jesuitry.

We came on into the channel at night under a glorious sky. Straight above the ship the Great Dipper started its watch early. Mars hung out her lantern a little to the starboard, and straight ahead, three ship's heights above the horizon, shone forth a wonderful moon. The prow of the ship plowed two silver furrows up the pathway of the moon. The north star, shining clear above the dipper, told us we were steering northeast only a night's journey away from Liverpool.

Never before have I had physical comfort on board ship, but this trip has proven a wonderful answer to

prayer, seeing me through without the least touch of seasickness. It has been a great vacation and a rest such as I did not dream I could ever get again in the busy life the Lord has given me. I awoke once in the night to answer the telephone, but found I had been dreaming and was devoutly thankful, just for this little while. I would love to get a telephone connection as soon as I reach land, but will satisfy myself in a cable communication with my little ones.

Since coming aboard I have sensed, rather than really seen, a new order of life. I have come through the days of this week, to recognize it as a thickness of life. This thickness we do not have in the United States. Our life is flexible, free, unhampered, but this English type of life bristles with caste. The servants are in orders or layers to make the thickness. Down below are the stokers, and away up there on the bridge is the king of our little ship empire, called "the Captain." Between the two is caste on caste, and they know, by a peculiar method, where the line of demarkation comes. These stewards are lords indeed, and their underlings are underlings indeed, and one feels that to get out of the order in which they live would be an awful task. But I'm thankful that they can get out and "move up," as they call it.

I notice already a tyranny of old age over youth. The young are made to know "their place," as they say, and age takes its rights, making two very distinct layers even in family life.

Then, "Sir" this and "Sir" that are aboard. Each is democratic and lovely in mixing among the

passengers, but the awe in which their fellow countrymen hold them gives nervous consciousness of another great chasm between layers. There is a real feeling of distinction between first, second and third cabin passengers, and even when passing through the runways one speaks, trying to break down the wall, it will not down. So I have come to the consciousness of a new dimension of life—the dimension of thickness. This consciousness will go on opening into new layers—into the race layers later on, and into the awful caste system of India soon.

How glorious to know a real living indwelling Christ who breaks down every wall and makes us one, whether Jew or Gentile, bond or free, servant or master, lord or land-tiller, white or black, rich or poor. In our blessed Lord Jesus, life has not this dimension of thickness, but we are complete in Him, we are accepted in the Beloved, joint-heirs, brothers. O what good news to take to any people. Here is the open door out of all earth's troubles, even an open door away from the awful layer of self out into Jesus only, and one in beholding and living in Him.

What a death blow God-life is to our vaunted boastings of individuality and the powers of personality. Truly there is great truth if we behold it just here. We are always talking about individuals here on earth. Now it is true that the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost are all persons with distinct personality, but they do not stress this part of the God-life. The three are one. They all stress and magnify this Oneness instead of the Threeness. "Let us make man," they said. Yet it is stated in Scripture that

the Lord Jesus Christ made all things and in Him all things consist. When He came, He said, "I do always those things that please the Father." "I come to do Thy will." The Father turns and opens heaven, saying, "This is my beloved son, hear ye him." Then, when the Lord Jesus announces the Holy Spirit, He says, "He shall not speak of Himself." He magnifies the Son, the Son magnifies the Father and the Spirit. That is—in God life each individual magnifies the other and is seemingly lost in the love of the others. They flow out to each other in love, light and life, a magnifying stream of loving, brilliant life.

Our blessed Lord dies for us, to rid us of this awful self and sin life, and makes it possible, on Calvary and out of the tomb, for us to be baptized into Himself, where individuality is superseded by oneness in love, light and life. O glorious deliverance from self and sin, marvellous breaking of all walls and layers! He Himself puts away all thickness of life and invites us to walk over its fallen walls of self and sin into fellowship with the Father and the Son by the Holy Ghost.

V

IN SCOTLAND

OUR steamer was late. We did not dock until late on Monday. I preached in the Gay Street Mission, in Liverpool, Monday night. This mission is in the heart of the worst slum district I have ever seen. It is worse than the worst of New York's before Riis went at his noble task in that city. The drunkenness is awful. I never saw it before among women as it is here. I saw a dozen drunken women on my way to the mission, and five men.

The great Prohibition fight is on in this country. Here in Glasgow and in the surrounding district they were holding the election on the day we came to town. The fight was so intense that many thought it useless to start special meetings on such a night. The women were voting on the question as well as the men. They lacked the great force that we had in the United States in exact information, which came to our voters through their early years in school, where the effect of alcohol on the human system is taught scientifically with pictures and experiments. The vote was overwhelmingly in favour of liquor in Glasgow, and I never saw good folks more heart-broken over such a result.

What a royal welcome Pastor Findlay and his lovely wife gave us when we arrived in Glasgow.

We had tea with Brother Oatts last evening at Pastor Findlay's home, and his feeling, after a long battle for Prohibition and what he termed "failure" was pathetic; for the Scotch do not show their feelings as we do. Brother Oatts is the stalwart Christian gentleman who was chairman of Dr. Torrey's campaign here, and also of Dr. Chapman's mission to this city. He sat and talked of Moody, of Major Whittle, of Sankey, and the men of the eighties as if it were all but last week,—Pastor Findlay supplying many details to make it all most real, and revealing the mighty workings of God in those wonderful revival days that swept over Scotland like a flood.

Pastor Findlay told afresh the story of our dear Elder Morrison and his coming to Glasgow for the salvation of his infidel brother, and of the wonderful conversion. The eighties witnessed grand and glorious days in Great Britain, both in revival and great political issues and mighty men in government.

These are frightful days of unrest over here. One feels as if he were living in expectation of an earthquake. The Christian forces, until Tuesday, looked for the dawning of a new day in their election, but the dawn did not come. They really should not be downhearted. I do not mean to say they give up in the least, for they have taken a new grip on the sword, but their hearts are heavy. The war has not brought the long hoped-for revival and salvation waves of blessing.

In America we fought the Prohibition battle long and hard, and they here expected to win in a short

fight, because we had turned to Prohibition. They should be encouraged if they knew the history of our struggle. Many of them thought that Prohibition would mean a revival. I haven't the heart to tell them all that I could about the reverse being true in America. It is so easy for social service Christians to substitute reformation for salvation.

I believe they are closer to a great revival in Scotland than they think for. The very lack of a Prohibition victory, and the consciousness of disgrace which they feel in the morality of Scotland, may drive them to prayer. God will show His right arm in great blessing. I am praying earnestly that God will give me some part in bringing such a happy refreshment.

The few meetings I have already held in the Tabernacle, where that splendid man of God, Pastor Findlay, holds forth, have been blessed of God. These Scotch are hard for me to understand. It's all very far from a revival spirit and revival fire to my way of thinking, but they express themselves far differently in private to me. These Scotch have been schooled for generations to hide their feelings, and I haven't found the key to their secret places where they hide them, so I have no way of knowing except as some in charge of the meetings indicate a word to me. I feel as a man does in the stillness before a storm, and so I guess the forces of God are burning in and going deep, and the storm will be real and lasting. I know the presence of God is mightily in my own heart, so I am greatly encouraged.

Tradition takes on a new meaning here in Scot-

land. Men sitting before you dare not act on impulse, but the voices of the past and their standards grab that impulse and whip it into real Scottish shape before it is allowed to escape. To me it does not seem of value. It just now seems like Saul's armour on David, and I am praying God that as David laid it aside, this people may forget the past long enough to go forth to battle in a new form perhaps, as God may choose. I may be wrong in this. I find others greatly admire this kind of life that holds itself within the walls of tradition and precedent. It may be all right for them, but I'm swinging in with the same old raw American and Holy Ghost hit, and trusting the Lord to save the pieces.

VI

DEEP LIFE

WE, in America, know new life, frontier life ; but the old, deep, history life is on exhibition over in Europe. I would not be surprised to be introduced any day to a man by the name of Noah, who would sit down and tell me how his great-great-grandsire built the ark. So much that I have classed with Noah and far, far-off days suddenly jump up in front of me over here.

Here one runs onto the *foundations* constantly. In our country we would be bragging about and showing our friends the roof of life or a new coat of paint recently invented, but over here, as one has said, "We have history incarnate in stone." Men bearing old titles keep history walking the streets before your very eyes. Men here are more than themselves—they are the bearers of the banners of the past. They do not feel, as I had thought, that they themselves are great because they had great fathers, but they feel it incumbent upon them to exhibit the glories that have gone before, that the men and women of the present may treasure the fortunes in honour and valour and genius. "Lest we forget" is their seeming purpose.

High upon a hill of Glasgow stands the old cathedral, a mighty work of architecture, a great-great-

grandfather to the whole city, crying to the youths in the streets below, and to the visitors at its doors, "I bid you welcome to life. I am ancient. I have stood here long. In 600 I was a simple Catholic church of St. Mingo, and I became a great cathedral in 1136. I was destroyed, but builded again in 1197, and have stood here this way all these years down to this year."

Around this great cathedral centered locally the war against the Catholic church in Scotland. To the Scotch it came to be called "That idolatrous monument," as the knowledge of salvation apart from images swept gloriously through these heather draped hills. In the struggle for independence of Scotland, maintained by Wallace and Bruce, this cathedral was the site of one great contention on "The Bell in the Brae."

I approached the cathedral on the street called by this pretty broad Scotch name, which means "The circle of the hill road." A lovely little mission, where souls are constantly being saved, was tucked away on "The Bell in the Brae," and was a joy to my eyes. Between this little mission and the cathedral, Wallace drew up his troops and himself met Earl Percy, with one blow of his sword cutting his head straight through. The story is loved by the Scots just as the story of the brave Leonidas at Thermopylae is loved by the Greeks. The Earl had protected the Catholic stronghold.

Dunbar then became bishop of Glasgow, and during his term of office great and bold arguments against the infallibility of the pope broke out. Jere-

miah Russell and the youth, Jolin Kennedy, were leaders in spirited protests. They were brought by the Catholic powers to the east end of this ancient cathedral and burned at the stake. These martyrs, as is always the case, became the seed of the church. In 1552 came the last consecration of a Catholic bishop to be tolerated on Scotland's soil. At this period the whole fire of the Reformation broke into flame with horror and threatening for everything connected with the church of Rome. This great building, though considered a monument of idolatry, was not razed, but the images were pulled from the walls and every stone face smashed, by direct military order.

Then came the Civil War, ending in 1691 with the re-establishment of the Presbyterian form of church government, with Oliver Cromwell and his Independents in power. The great chair used by Cromwell is still in the cathedral, and we availed ourselves of the proffered privilege of sitting in it, thus receiving a deeper impression of deep life. Sitting there, we did not wonder at the rugged faith of the folks to whom we had been preaching. They stand fast and they hold fast the history of martyrdom for "the faith once for all delivered." Even yet the air is easy to breathe, so free is it from the blight of Catholicism.

Churches where the gospel is preached and souls definitely saved are numerous in this city. On street corners, wherever you go, you find street meetings, and dozens of little missions and chapels dot the highways. All this is because of another great

reformation led by an American Christian. The impress of Mr. Moody's campaigns is in evidence at every turn. In the center of Glasgow is the great block erected to evangelical work. It now houses the Evangelical Union, the Y. M. C. A., and the Glasgow Bible Training Institute. All this was started by the Moody revival, and most of it by the direct influence of Mr. Moody upon Lord and Lady Overton.

In the home of Rev. D. J. Findlay were gathered for tea, the other evening, quite a group of converts of Mr. Moody in those great campaigns of '74 and '82. Mr. Findlay, himself, pastor and founder of the great tabernacle of St. George's Cross, Glasgow, was a Moody convert. Across the table from him sat Mr. William M. Oatts, another Moody convert and a great personal worker. So interested has he been in the salvation of souls since those days, that some twenty years back he gave up his business and has used his money and his time in furthering the gospel throughout Scotland, where he is a very popular speaker, welcomed in all Gospel pulpits. He spent much time in France among the boys in the war. Having been one of Mr. Moody's right-hand founders of the Y. M. C. A. work in Glasgow, he was well prepared for work among soldiers. He had much to say about dear Charlie Alexander, with whom he had done much work.

To be the means, in God's hands, of bringing a stalwart soldier like this mighty Christian layman, Oatts, to the Lord, is worth any evangelist's trip across the Atlantic, and weeks of work and sacrifice. Mr. Oatts is only one, however, of the mighty Chris-

tian men of Scotland who were led to the Lord by D. L. Moody. Here was Mr. Findlay, our honoured host, and his dear wife, the daughter of that great man of faith, the founder of the orphan homes of Scotland, David Quarrier. Mr. Findlay is a large man with a broad look on life obtained from repeated visits to the foreign field. When the Lord opened his heart He chose a great and tender one. Mr. Findlay is now responsible for much that goes on at the splendid faith orphanage, the home for consumptives and the new hospital for epileptics at Bridge of Weir, not far from Glasgow. All this work was formerly carried on in prayer and faith by his father-in-law. His tabernacle in Glasgow, conducted on faith lines and full of the Spirit's activity, is enough for an ordinary man to undertake, but Mr. Findlay is no ordinary man. He is one of the directors of the great firm of Morgan & Scott, London, and once each month he makes his way to the meeting of the directors of the firm, staying over to attend the meetings of the faith mission boards, of which he is a most enthusiastic member. His own tabernacle gave \$8,000 to missions last year. He managed wonderfully and spiritually every evangelistic service we held in Glasgow, and is as eager as he ever was for souls.

Little did Mr. Moody know that the sixteen-year-old lad who came to Christ under his preaching so many years ago, would turn out to be this precious man with so splendid a Christian record. What a wonderful treat it would be to Mr. Moody to take my place at this tea table and look around at a table

full of converts, all of whom have been in active Christian work since 1882. How dear Miss Dryer would enjoy looking around upon her acquaintances of those days when she laboured here with Mr. Moody. Mrs. Dovey, who was then Miss Campbell, doing personal work among the policemen of Scotland, would take her in her arms and thank her for those early Bible readings.

How Elder John Morrison would delight in going over the account of his trip to Glasgow for the purpose of leading his infidel brother to the Lord! What a joy it was to me to hear the story of the brother's conversion from those around the table. There sat Mrs. Raphael, the wife of the splendid artist shipman. She was Mr. Sankey's first soloist helper in Scotland, the daughter of the famous Dr. Bonar. She was telling us of Mr. Moody's fear lest the reporters should plague him about something he said one night. One of his associates was making some announcements (or "intimations," as they call them over here). Mr. Moody arose and said, "I fear some cannot hear. Those who cannot hear me raise your hand." He sat down. No one laughed. "I hope the reporters didn't get that," he murmured, looking their way. "No," he decided, as he settled back, "I'm safe; they're English."

The effects of the Moody revival which swept Scotland, are not only visible to-day, but dominant and prominent. The converts form the present back-bone of Christianity and evangelism in this country. In Edinburgh, as in Glasgow, we had never a service without some stalwart of the faith, a warrior of

years, who had been led to Christ by Mr. Moody, giving us the privilege of making his acquaintance.

One Saturday night I spoke in the great Edinburgh Mission at Chrobber's Close on High Street. There, above one of the doors in the large new mission, is placed the corner stone of the old mission building, paid for with money raised for the purpose by Mr. Moody. He sowed a great soil with good seed, the good seed sprang up and produced an hundred fold. Scotland, with her deep life, has meant much to the Christian world, and Moody did much for Scotland.

VII

EDINBURGH

WE had a most wonderful time in Glasgow for a short campaign, and came on here to Edinburgh, expecting, in this Boston of Scotland, to meet a rather cold reception. Instead, however, the Lord had gone ahead to open the way and make a very hearty reception. We had only expected a cold time, because of the far-heralded reputation of Edinburgh, its supposed coldness and its supposed stuck-up-ness. John McNeill called it "The East-windy, West-endy City," combining the cold of the east wind with the aristocratic feeling of the West End of London. My good friend, Rev. W. Graham Scroggie, that great outstanding Bible teacher of Scotland, took charge of us and managed the campaign. We had him in America last year, and he is yet to have a greater ministry in America.

The Lord has been here in power since the first meeting. Last Sunday was a most marvellous exhibition of His power. The old Free Church Assembly Hall, where Moody held his missions, enlarged now to seat a thousand more than in those days, and the same sacred ground, where Chapman and Alexander had their missions, was full up. I preached a missionary sermon in the morning, and God gave us a splendid group of new volunteers for the mission field. Then, at night, we had to rush early to the

service, for the doors had to be closed at six o'clock because the crowd had already filled it. Thousands could not get into the building, and the crowd filled the street for over a block down the hill outside. We commenced the service at six, and the Lord gave us some very precious fruit in the way of souls. Two enquiry rooms were filled.

We are going to the big working centres at noon with a big truck, as well as the night meetings. We have met a great many missionaries and very many people connected with the faith missions. Mrs. Rader and I went to tea with the beloved John Hay, the other night, where we met the Board for his mission. It was like a little taste of heaven to get into his home. His oldest boy is on the field, and the next splendid son is taking his medical work after being dismissed from the army, with which he served in the Jerusalem campaign. He is taking his medical work to better serve his father's missionary field. The next girl goes out as a missionary with her father and mother when they return. The other girl has yet a short time in school and will then follow her sister to the field. There is one boy, about fourteen years of age, left, and in a little talk we had together, he let me know very heartily that his soul also was eager for the mission-field.

There was nothing legal or ecclesiastical about the life of this great man of faith, but something wonderfully natural, yet marvellously supernatural, and in his wife prevailed exactly the same spirit. Small wonder that each of their children possessed a like spirit.

We had the joy, also, of taking tea with the Ceylon and India General Mission Council for Edinburgh, at the home of Mr. Graham, a banker in the city. Letters were read from the missionaries and from Mr. Gardner, in the absence of Mr. Davidson, who is in America. Then followed a chain of intercession. Here were stalwart Scotsmen gathered into this home for just one purpose, and that was to intercede for the missionaries. This group of men does not handle the mission's affairs, but works and prays for the interest of the mission here in Edinburgh. It certainly was a great encouragement to my own heart to see this splendid group of people spending part of the afternoon and early evening hours in intercession. It was vital prayer, indeed, that came from this select company.

Mr. Graham Scroggie has left no stone unturned to open the city for the campaign. It seems a great surprise to me to see the crowds, since the mission is not a union of any of the churches, but is carried forward only by Mr. Scroggie's church, which is called the Charlotte Chapel. He holds a very high place in the hearts of the people of Edinburgh, and justly so, for his rare spirit and splendid scholarship are worthy of such estimate and praise.

They have rushed me over here, as they do at home, if not worse. It is midnight now, and I am not finished. Just cabled you of the crowds and blessing at the Edinburgh campaign ending. The police outside of Ushed Hall, the largest auditorium in the city, to which we moved because of the crowds, said they turned away over two thousand

people who were unable to get in. God was with us.

It seemed, when we first landed, it would be impossible to get any kind of passage until March. The steamboat managers, to whom we were personally introduced, told us over three hundred missionaries were trying to get passage to the Far East, but the Lord opened up a way very quickly, and we were called up by 'phone one night in Glasgow to be informed that there was a double cabin given up by a merchant and that we could have it. We will leave Trieste on December ninth for Alexandria, and then go by boat to Jaffa, and so on into Jerusalem.

Surely God has trusted us with a mighty enterprise, and I am hungering to measure up to the responsibilities, but I know I can do it only by great grace, given in answer to prayer.

VIII

A MESSAGE FROM LONDON

HERE we are in the British capital, and we are already homesick—very. Mrs. Rader is bearing up well, but misses the children frightfully. The Lord is helping her and she is going through to His glory. We have had such lovely fellowship here in London with all the staff of *The Christian*. Mrs. Rader and I are being entertained for a day in the home of Brother Caldwell, the head of the firm of Morgan and Scott, the publishers of all religious *straight* books and *The Christian*.

Had a lovely morning with Dr. F. B. Meyer. He has entered wonderfully into the spreading of pre-millennial and deep spiritual truth among the people. Those who heard him at Keswick this summer said he was better in every way than ever. This venerable man and noble warrior for God gave me himself for a morning. How his fine eyes flashed and his English accent cut as he talked of the fight of the critics. God has given him a new lease of life, and his activity and bearing is almost youthful at times, though grave and deep are the emotions and lessons in his heart.

He sees that, though the critics may cunningly try to deny the miracles and the virgin birth, things that happened long ago, they cannot deny that the Bible is here, and that it is a miracle in this particular,

namely, that it tells things that have come to pass. It can stand on its valid voice in prophecy. He is seeking, then, like many of God's own, to let the people know what prophecy says and what has been fulfilled and set forth the hope of all that is yet to be so gloriously fulfilled. He and twenty other strong men of Britain have formed an "Advent Testimony Prayer Union," of which they are the Council.

It is just twenty days since the second celebration of the signing of the armistice. It is just twenty days since the "Unknown Warrior" was given a grave of great honour by a great nation in Westminster Abbey, but the flowers and the people still surround the cenotaph. Not such a crowd as on that day of silent mourning three weeks ago, but a goodly, silent crowd passes slowly, with uncovered heads all day long and far into the night. Even the men on the motor busses lift their hats as they pass on either side of the cenotaph, standing there four-sided and tall in the centre of the street. The word, "cenotaph," which is used for this monument to the unknown dead who fell in the recent great war, is a word which means an empty tomb.

The cenotaph had a wonderful unveiling, when the unknown warrior was brought to its base at exactly eleven o'clock on the morning of the eleventh. I will give it to you as best I can from the help of the accounts in the London papers.

They bore him reverently, that notable morning, amid the silent throngs, this somebody's boy, this unidentified lad. They bore him that morning, as if

his was the body of all the unknown dead of the great war, and every mother who had lost a son in the war could look on as if it were her boy. Only God knew who he was, but to the silent, reverent mourners, he was their own.

France had honoured him too before he left her shores, as if he were her own. Striking and historic was the honouring and the journeying from France of the unknown to the French ship *Verdun*, before it left the shores of that allied nation, freighted with this precious corpse, the symbol of an empire's sacrificing sons.

Whatever army rank this lad occupied when living, he received from the hands of France in the city of Boulogne on the day of departure the honour of a great military hero.

Eight black horses attached to the French Army transport wagon received the casket from eight warrant officers, representing the units of the British Army. Immediately, the many wreaths of gorgeous flowers, the gifts of the French, were placed on the casket, wrapped round with the Union Jack.

The procession found its path between the great banks of French folks, silenced with a sacred awe, mute in memory of the blood of the many battle-fields.

Past the old Notre Dame Cathedral moved the unknown into the Triumphal Way and along this Way for a mile through the multitudes to Gabetta Quay, where rode the *Verdun* at anchor.

Mutilated French soldiers with military medals, soldier's orphans, veterans of 1870, dignitaries and

governmental representatives, bands, French infantry, with the great war leaders, made up the procession, designed by the French government.

At the quay stood the great man of the war, Marshal Foch. He stood there in his own right to express his own feeling as well as the representative of the French government to express a nation's gratitude. He said: "I express the profound feelings of France for the invincible heroism of the British Army, and I regard the body of this hero as a souvenir of the future, and as a reminder to work in common to cement the victories we have gained by eternal unions." For several seconds death silence reigned while Marshal Foch stood in salute over the coffin.

The Marshal and General MacDonagh stepped to their places behind the coffin, while the bugles blew "aux champs" and the band followed with "The Marseillaise." The soldiers lifted the coffin from the wagon and bore it up the gangplank, the marines on the destroyer *Verdun* came to present arms, and the band played "God Save the King." The English General said his farewell to Marshal Foch and stood at his place by the bier, as the signal for departure came. Out across the channel to England moved the destroyer.

A salute of nineteen guns was fired. The French escorting ships came along side to accompany the *Verdun*, and thus the unknown warrior received on his departure from the shores of France all the honours of a British Field Marshal.

The Prime Minister of England sent the follow-

ing message to Marshal Foch: "Your action in going to Boulogne to salute the body of an unknown British soldier on its way to Britain has touched the hearts of all my countrymen. It cannot fail to strengthen the deeper feeling of friendship and respect for their French comrades, which they gained when fighting side by side in the greatest war of history. Nor will they ever forget what they owe to your brilliant leadership of the Allied Armies in the final struggle which gained a complete victory."

Six British vessels, led by His Majesty's ship, *Verdetta*, put out from Britain's shores and met the *Verdun* in mid-channel. Nineteen guns fired from Dover castle heralded the arrival of the *Verdun* in the harbour, and she came to rest alongside the quay.

Six senior officers of the four fighting units, who had seen much war service, went up the plank to act as pall-bearers. Reverently, the husky warriors lifted the casket to their shoulders and carried it ashore through the lines of saluting bluejacks, who stood on the deck. With the salute of these seamen, the part played in delivering the body of the unknown warrior by France in her great destroyer, *Verdun*, was at an end.

Britain had received her own. The London fog glimmered with gold, when the clouds gave way for a time as they laid the coffin of the nameless warrior on the gun carriage at Victoria.

From Victoria wharf he had probably sailed when he went forth to battle for his country; so to Victoria wharf, France returned him in high military

honour and saluted as the nation received him and bore him away to the streets where the throngs were waiting to honour him as he passed.

Uncovered were the mourning ones, whose eyes met that lone casket. A city had not forgotten; a whole nation remembered and in silence recounted the deeds of suffering. London looked on the single casket with a single heart of gratitude, as it was borne along its streets to the cenotaph. Embodied in this single unknown warrior's casket were all the fallen warriors of an empire, and an empire mourned.

The drums were muffled as the strains of the "Marche Funebre" floated out. The silence was settling. The tread of marching feet echoed over the heads of the multitudes, and coming above it the wail of the bag-pipes.

Distinguished warriors of the empire, men of high rank, marched beside the casket in the role of pall-bearers: The honoured Earl Haig, the far-famed navy hero Earl Beatty, Sir Hedworth Meux, Lord French, Lord Horne, Sir Hugh Trenchard, Lord Byng. Behind and before these honoured bearers went the units of an empire's soldiers and their ensigns.

The Mall, Hyde Park, and Constitution Hill, were covered with the silent multitudes standing in deep emotion with dimmed eyes and uncovered heads.

Perhaps the helmet, just a common trench hat on the casket, moved more hearts than any one thing about the procession. Beside it was a crusader's sword—the gift of the King, but the multitude saw it not. The sign of the fighting of their boy was the

hat, not a sword. The outstanding signs of this great war are the hat and the gas-mask. The gas horrors are over for the fallen warriors. The flowers and wreaths surround instead, while a great incense cloud of sympathy and gratitude ascends from a million hearts, enveloping the casket and the cenotaph. Around the base of the monument the mighty meet; the high church officials, their trappings ablaze with canonicals, are there, as are also the princes of India and the civic dignitaries, also religious and political leaders. The great opponents, Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith, stood together.

The royal family drove up beside the cenotaph, and the King with his three sons took their place. Yet the great crowd gave forth no single sign of demonstration. In this great moment the fallen warriors, typified by the body of this unknown lad, were far above a king or dignitaries. The King and the dignitaries would heartily have it so. They had come to do honour, not to receive it.

George V, King of Great Britain and Emperor of India, stepped forward and gently laid a small wreath wound round with a nation's love upon the coffin. The multitude were singing now to God. A million of a multitude were singing, "Oh, God, Our Help in Ages Past." The "Amen" came as a curtain, and Big Ben, the tower clock, boomed forth its eleven strokes. The King placed his hand on the electric button beside him, the flags concealing the cenotaph fell away, and the sun christened it. The multitude, the procession, the cities with all their wheels, the towns, the villages, the farms, yes, suddenly, a whole

nation, observed silence for two minutes in honour of their fallen heroes of the great war. The silence over, the procession moved on to Westminster Abbey and laid the casket on its rests above the open grave, as the company within those ancient and honour-conferring walls sang, "Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom." The helmet was removed, the coffin was unwrapped, the guardsmen and fellow-warriors lifted the casket, while the rest were taken away, and slowly, very slowly, they lowered this nation-honoured body to its final resting place. Soil brought from France was handed to the King in a silver tray, while the dean read the burial service. On went the familiar words, as the King dropped the clods from the blood-stained battlefields of France upon the unknown warrior's coffin. Thus a nation said "Amen" to its ceremony of honour for its fallen fighters. The floor slab was laid down on the floor of the Abbey over the grave, and the crowd passed by to read the epitaph, "A British Warrior Who Fell in the Great War 1914-1918 for King and Country—Greater Love Hath No Man Than This." Twenty days has he laid there now, and the crowds bringing wreaths and flowers are still passing.

This unknown warrior represented all the men who gave their lives to protect a nation at war. Jesus Christ, a known warrior, tasted death in the place of every man and for every man. In His own body alone on Calvary's cross He died for all the world. Where is His cenotaph? Where are the millions of men and women for whom He died? Let them

assemble, uncover, and, in solemn silence, call Him their own. Let them bring their wreaths and roses! Let the kings go unhonoured, the dignitaries of earth keep silence, while He is acclaimed!

Ah, His cenotaph is to be unveiled in the air. The signs and manifestations of His open grave of victory over death will be unveiled yonder. God, the Most High God, shall send forth a trumpet, not an electric bell, and the multitude arrayed in white shall get up from their graves. Those who walk the earth will vanish from the shops, the cars, the homes, the highways, and together with the resurrected dead, surround the Lord of Glory to form His cenotaph.

The victory over death and sin will be celebrated in the air. No cenotaph of earth could commemorate His death on Calvary, but the shouts of living, redeemed human beings, present and glorified in spirit, soul, and body, will ascend above the noise and acclaims of earth until they reach the throne of God, forming the sides of the cenotaph. From the air to the throne will be the height of this living, pulsing, joyous shaft—this cenotaph of praise.

Its foundation will be brought down and laid in Jerusalem, and the beams of its light stretch as far as men are found. The kings of the earth will tremble at the laying of its corner stone and, broken by its rods of iron, will bring their honour to it.

The highways of earth will all lead to it, and along its path will come the mighty to do honour to this glorious, conquering warrior. He is the God from heaven, who became man to make war on Satan, sin, and death, and hath triumphed gloriously. The earth

that mourned shall break forth into singing ; even the trees shall clap their hands ; the guns from earth will boom with the guns from heaven in one grand salute of honour to the Field Marshal of the Universe, " The King of Kings and Lord of Lords."

" Amen, even so come, Lord Jesus," and unveil Thy cenotaph.

IX

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER

OUR ship is standing at the dock at Brindisi taking on oil. Up from the dock a few feet is an old Roman stairway. At its top stands a noble marble pillar, its broken mate lying close beside it, marking the end of the old Appian Way.

We sailed from Trieste yesterday at noon, out into the blue, blue water,—yes, as blue as all the pictures I have ever seen of this wonderful Adriatic Sea. Trieste left one sad at heart. The Austrians loved it, were proud of its great and beautiful harbour, and had builded its great buildings about the large open squares. Every modern dock convenience had been brought to the water's edge and put into bustling, active use for the thriving industry of the city. All is changed now. Italian soldiers parade its streets and guard its buildings, while above all floats the flag of Italy. What to do with it is a great problem yet unsettled. Italy cannot bring her commerce so far north when she has such fine ports farther south, such as the one in which we are now docked. The port is virtually idle now, the docks stretching out long concrete fingers anxious for trade. It will come later, when the problems are settled, or, perhaps it will wait for His coming and sunnier days than even these that now kiss the land of Italy.

All the way into Trieste on the train we looked upon mile after mile of old trenches cut into the rock, and barbed-wire entanglements. Why they do not gather up these tons upon tons of wire woven on iron frames is a mystery. Hundreds of cannon and tanks were out in the weather. I wondered where the junk men were. If I told my friend, Reuben, about it, he could not sleep nights from figuring his profits on this "so glorious and plenty junk."

To our left, as we sailed down the Adriatic yesterday afternoon, we could see beyond the shore line and the little towns decorating its fringe, far away to the Balkan hills. We were passing Bosnia, and, in fancy, we could hear that shot in the hill town that sent the world into confusion and the horrors of this great war. Six years have passed since that shot was fired, but the fire then started is not yet quenched and the effects cannot be reckoned truthfully for many years to come. Only as one travels through France and these war-scorched parts can the mind half measure its far-reaching blight.

We are now docked on the shores to which Paul came. This city was called Brandusium then, and those pillars above us were then standing. They will go. This city will perish, but Paul here said things that will never perish. To the saints that lived near here he wrote that wonderful letter. He was coming to see them. He expected soon to come to the land of Italy and up to Rome. He wanted them to have in writing, before his coming, those special truths which had been committed to him, recorded in the wonderful epistle to the Romans.

To-morrow morning we will be docked at the shore from which the letter made its way. Come over to the other side of the boat and I will show you. Just over there is Corinth, from which the letter was written, and we will look over the same Grecian hills to-morrow upon which Paul gazed. We will breakfast to-morrow in Macedonia, and before going ashore I will have a good time in prayer with the Man of Macedonia who beckoned to Paul, saying, "Come over and help us." I want this same Man of Macedonia to talk to me and bless me and prepare me to be a blessing to the dear missionaries at Jerusalem.

All that I am and have was purchased just outside that dear Jerusalem. All my blessings came from there. I am praying to carry much blessing back. I feel the prayers of the homeland saints.

Great answer to prayer came in London. We had been forced to close the meetings in Edinburgh sooner than announced, because we were informed that we would have much trouble and need more time in securing passports to Palestine. We hurried along to London and presented ourselves to the government official. He could not give us much hope, but, taking our passports and all our official letters from Washington, he started the long run of red tape. Only a few days passed since the government had taken up the task of issuing these Palestine permits. It had been in the hands of the army.

We came to inquire time after time, according to regular instructions, but the clouds were gathering and the time was flying, and we must leave Trieste

the 9th or not be able to get a passage to Egypt until after the first of February. This passage on the 9th was the only one our good friends in London could secure, and they had been labouring for this all the time we were carrying on meetings in Glasgow. Saturday morning came, noon rolled around, and at one o'clock the office would be closed. One hour!

At noon we were flatly told that nothing could be done for us. Mr. Robert Caldwell left me, after an interview with another official. I saw a corner where I could go and pray, and took advantage of this, in confidence that our blessed Lord had already made the way before us, and in a moment would open it. I arose with a most restful heart. The official came out into the corridor and asked me for some very peculiar information which I could not give unless I had someone with me who had known me in America. I told him I had no one in London who had known me in America who could answer the questions put to me. I put my hand in my pocket, pulled out the Alliance Weekly containing my wife's picture and my own on the front page, and the account of our farewell. I knocked at the door and asked, as I handed the paper to the official, if it could be of any use to him. He looked it over eagerly, scanned the first page quickly, stopping at a paragraph on the second page. He looked up and smiled. "That is exactly what I want," he answered,—"the picture, the official organ, and the account of your activities at that date." Of course he would not tell me what points had been holding up the passport.

He telephoned to the main office. No, the chief

had not gone yet. Hurriedly he wrote a letter, sealed it, and pushing it into my hand said, "Hurry," while I said "Thanks!" In record time I ran to the main office where Mrs. Rader, Mrs. Jones and Mr. Caldwell were waiting. A man took the letter to the chief. Soon the gentleman who had met us so many times with stern face, came out, saying, "Well, sir, I can give you your passports. The chief is staying over his time. I am ordinarily gone, but stopped for a bit of lunch here in the building, and the man found me at my cup of tea. Just be seated and we'll soon have you all done."

They came! Yes, they came in answer to the prayer of the dear, praying ones at home. Just for His glory, God put that paper in my pocket and kept it there for those days to have it ready. We walked out in fullness of thanksgiving. When I reached the street, American-like I threw my hat into the air, grabbed it and started to sing out loudly the Doxology. Brother Caldwell joined with me. There we stood, a Scotchman and an American, singing to the passers-by the praise of our God who answers prayer and "goeth ahead."

X

THE FOG

DEEPER and deeper we go into heathen darkness; even deeper and deeper we go into religion. Oh, the chains and irons of Satan! Oh, the ~~super~~ ^{super}stitution gas, soul-killing, made by him at the altars of religious incense! My first strong sniff of this gas was in an established church of Protestant Scotland, where I went to talk to young men and boys at their annual festival.

I was ushered into the vestry to meet the pastor of the church. There hung a gown and all the frills prepared for me by the pastor's helper. I know the dear man had gone to some care to see that a gown my size was provided. I know that he was a splendid gentleman, and the offer of the gown and the feeling that I had given offense by refusing to put it on was all very sincere; but there arose in my heart a hatred which has long lived in my inner man, of all this outside religious trapping made like the skin on a drum and for the same purpose. This religious clothing is all as hollow underneath as the drum, and there is no more music for the soul in it than there is music in a drum for the human ear. Like a drum, it calls attention to something, but you have to inquire long and earnestly what this something is, only to be told that a priest will tell you, or his royal dog-collar person with the funny vest, or with the gown, or with the beads, or incense pot or

altar "somewhat" will inform you after you have gained merit by attending something or doing many "somewhats" maybe. O, away with it! Come, Lord Jesus, and show Thyself apart from clothes, and caste, and brick.

What have we, who know that salvation is something which has been done for us and not a "do," been doing these two thousand years, that all these religious soul-poisoning seeds should be growing densely, densely everywhere?

At Brindisi I felt like jumping from the boat to the wharf among those poor benighted Catholics and yelling, "It's done! It's done!" Try to think how much of religion swings, like an incense pot of dense smoke, between Catholics and Calvary. Think of the army of so-called saints who line up between these perishing souls and chant of purgatory, drowning all the meaning of the precious blood. Italy is not considered heathen, but heathen indeed it is. It is heathenism with a thicker hide, for it stands close to Christianity and takes its sharpest exposures unhurt and unchanged.

The monks, moving among the people on the wharf, seemed like darkness-mongers or ink-fish darkening life's waters. Deep, pitiful poverty always accompanies the darkness of religion,—the trailing of the beggars following like the pinched end of the tail of the serpent. At every doorway along the wharf stood a beggar, and in the hearts of the vendors, the cab drivers snapping their whips to call attention, the porters, the oxen drivers, the donkey tenders, the ticket sellers, the hotel owners, the

keepers, a great group of boys fighting for pennies dropped from the decks by passengers—in the hearts of all these, I say, was the spirit of the beggar. An honest bargain, a fixed price seems impossible anywhere in Italy. Not a set of trunks or a grip carried to the wharf by a cab but insured another argument as soon as the passenger alighted. The driver agrees for a definite sum at the start, but on the way he finds an excuse for a little more, hence the argument at each journey's end. An eternal something-for-nothing game is the program from sun-up to the last pair up at night.

If these beggings were only with the tourists one might see another aspect of the case, but among themselves the begging is constant also. The poor beggars against the doorways are trembling and rolling their eyes to make out a case, the rest of the crowd are gesticulating and talking long and loudly to make out their case of something more for nothing.

How natural all this is to a people who have been trained to get something from God by begging Him through some saint or through repeated efforts on some beads, or by making themselves pitiful to Him through denials of this or that,—O, what a twisting, whining, crawling thing to try to get something out of God is this Catholicism. What do these poor people know of the glorious finished work of Calvary? What do they know of this blood covenant which God made with man at Calvary? No! Religion has beclouded all the promises. Poor people! Can this be the land to which Paul came?

As the shores melted into the clouds along the horizon and we sailed forth into the grand Mediterranean Sea my heart went out to poor Italy in her great need of the gospel message of salvation. Soon the wind of which Paul spoke on his way to Rome in chains, broke upon us. For two days and a night it tossed our little ship like a chip on the waves. An earthquake in Italy only stirred the waters the more. How often did my mind go to Paul. Again and again I repeated to myself the fact that these were the waters that had rocked his boat so long ago. O, what a comfort it was to say to myself the words of Paul spoken on these very waters, "I believe God that it shall be even as it was told me."

During the second night the storm subsided, and in the morning we were sailing along the shore of Crete, where Paul left Titus to ordain elders in every city. High and plain its mountainous shore lines lifted themselves above the water as they did when Paul was storm-tossed just where we were sailing. Crete is an island, but it seems a continent as hour after hour you sail along its coast line.

Over there, a few miles farther on, stretched out in the water in the shape of the tanned skin of a deer, is the island of Cyprus. On board with us is a British Commissioner of the island, Major Bolton, his wife, and a lovely-spirited Greek, Mr. Araonso, who was mayor for repeated terms of the city of Limassol. Here was found (so accounts tell us) the body of Barnabas with the book of Matthew upon his breast. The Greeks who make up the larger part of the population, were very anxious to be allowed

to join Greece, and were hopeful after the war, but now, since the allies have looked upon Constantine as they do, they have given up hope. They are making themselves contented under Britain's rule. This rule, as is the case in the colonies of this empire, is splendid, and the history of Cyprus shows the English rule to be the best ever known by this small people.

The history of Cyprus is that of a football, situated as she is, the center loaf of desire through the centuries, for Constantinople, Jerusalem, Cairo, Athens. Cyprus grows every kind of fruit and every kind of religion. Yes, religion again! Another name, but the same old drum,—Greek Catholic this time is on top. Moslems are thick. Seven hundred Armenian orphans were lately landed here. The Turks also are here. These are the conflicting drums and smoke-pots hiding Calvary in this one beautiful island alone. Mr. McCarroll holds the Protestant lamp for the Reformed Presbyterian Church shining in this fog. All the waters of the Mediterranean, about our boat, groan and moan of heathenism, though they lap the shores of Palestine where the precious blood was shed.

Let us call to the Christians of our day who know the power of the blood and of a born again life, to arise. We need a great revival to recommission us. The earth is in awful darkness. The people are gassed with religion. The gas seems thick and impregnable, but the Bible is the gas-mask from Glory. Let us take its soul-redeeming message to all peoples. What will *you* do?

I told God that storm-tossed night on the Mediterranean that I never wanted to see land again unless I could be thoroughly and daily true to my great commission. I came off the boat to land on Egypt's shore on fire for missions. I am into it to the limit until the Lord Jesus comes. How about *you*?

O for young men to run and tell the world right away that it is not "do more mummary," "do," "more do," but "DONE, FOREVER DONE!"

XI

EGYPT

LANDING at Alexandria, *en route* from Europe, one gets his first view of real Old World costumes. Here the men are dressed in the long clothes of women. Sprinkled about on the dock, yelling and howling for a bit of a job at carrying or to call your attention to the fact that there is a carriage waiting for your hire, are long-haired individuals at whom you have to look twice before you can determine if they are men. You find that the weather is suddenly warm, and looking at the feet of the men about you, bare and brown, gives you a desire to go back to your barefoot boyhood.

Just beyond the docking space multitudes of faces, the like of which you have never seen before, crowd against the rail and the gates provided to keep this horde from flocking about the passengers. You stand there as if in a gazing contest. This multitude gazing at you, a strange and peculiar object from a far-off world, and you, gazing back at them, shocked at the strange new words flowing from their lips, at the brown, tanned skin, at the funny hats and the flowing robes.

We are in the land of Pharaoh, the land that once held the prizes in the contests of civilization. Here were the people who could build the pyramids, who could weave the mummy cloth from their harvests of

flax. Here were the great fish industries, now a thing of the past. About you, as you take your way on the train toward Cairo, are crops at which you have never gazed before, cultivated by men, women, and children, and a people as foreign to us and our American ideas as the life of a canary must be to a crow, even though they both are birds.

There goes a caravan of camels, swinging along the canal path above the reeds and rushes. The horizon is all novel to an American eye. We are not used to the palm trees in the distance, tall and bare, until they burst into foliage at the top. Following along with the camels comes a little donkey, about the only familiar thing your eye can catch. There sits Cairo, huddled and hugging together a multitude of houses or brick huts, jammed one against the other. Above the huts at intervals, piercing the skyline, are the Mohammedan minarets, where, five times a day, comes forth the priest like the bird in the cuckoo clock to cry "Allah! Allah! There is but one God and Mohammed is his prophet." Then the call to prayer.

Yonder, on the hill, stands the citadel, the site of a thousand wonders that never happened, but about which the enthusiastic guide waxes eloquent. He can show you the print of the horse's foot, where never horse has trod. From this spot he tells you Mohammed Ali leaped over the precipice to safety,—which he never did.

Already, the smell of pepper has reached your nostrils. Pepper, pepper everywhere, but not one volt of "pep." Lazy, indolent, sick, underfed, poorly

housed multitudes, hanging about the streets, waiting for a chance job or a gift from a tourist. More servants than you ever saw in all your life and less service. As their forefathers caused the Jews to make brick without straw, they are now making it themselves. The pomp and glory of a highly organized civilization has faded into gloom. A stern and rigid system of government has crumbled into ashes. These poor leavings are huddled tightly together for protection against the wolf of want.

The first view of the Suk of Cairo is nothing less than a shock, and quite a decided shock. You have thought of a market in terms of glass, and clean counters and white coats and aprons, but, suddenly, the market bursts upon your view, just a tangled and mangled mess of flies, yes, first flies, and last flies, dirty, filthy men with dirty hands, handling dirty pieces of fish and meats, little cuts of sugar-cane, many varieties of pepper, vegetables, fresh only last week and washed in water, the home of millions of germs and countless varieties. About the different stalls are standing children with flies, probably a dozen in each eye. Yes, they tried to brush them away, but they got tired. There are too many. The air is filled with the odour of decaying meat, horrible sanitation, pepper, and curry. The street is so narrow, one carriage only can drive through, and all the carriage path is taken by a mob of women and children, shouted at by men who are scurrying back and to between the stalls to keep business lively.

We have a word "bazaar." It is generally connected with a variety of apron sales combined with

cake and ice cream, carried on by the Ladies' Aid Society, but "bazaar" means something different in Cairo. Every flaming colour shrieking at its neighbour hangs about the walls of the narrow streets. Toys, household goods, clothes, curtains, carpets, lace, linens, calicos, fezzes, sorries, bangelations of beads; and anything else that has colour is on exhibit in the street or in the shop. The shops have no closed fronts. Above the smell comes the screeches of the peddler with his wares. The stalls are about ten feet wide and eight feet high, all open. The floor is about two feet from the ground. In these stalls, on the floors, sits the salesman, with his wares all about him. You do not enter. You lean in. Also, tucked away, in the shelves and the boxes, and hanging from the roof are a score of things you never saw before. In front of him stands the crowd, who wish to purchase while he quarrels and snarls and banters, beating through a bargain. There are no prices. Purchasing is a free-for-all fight, in which your neighbour at your elbow can either take your part or the part of the salesman, and even draw his friends into the argument. Only a tourist would take a thing at the first price offered. Coming from one-priced America, where a price is a price, it takes some little training before you are willing to enter this prize ring of purchase, don the gloves of scathing argument, and wade into the shopkeeper, until you have him beaten to his last penny. All protests are pooh-poohed. You walk away in disgust; then you return to offer another price. You tell him what a rascal he is, and you have to do so, while the choir

of a hundred and fifty other voices in protest much louder than your own fills the suk with the wails of bargaining. The dogs take an active part and anything else they can suddenly take a hold of, when they have time to stop scratching. Seated on boxes at intervals the shopkeeper has his hired ballyhoos, who, with clown-like gestures and humourous thrusts, gets the attention of this crowd, flowing by him like a carnival parade, or a night crowd at a Mardi Gras.

Look out! Make way for the camels. They are coming through the suk from the wholesale departments. With thundering groans and almost cursing protestations, they finally kneel, and the load of fresh supplies is lifted from their backs.

Do not think the veil laid carefully over the nose of the women, and extending over the mouth, well topped with a round brass jewel, extending up the line of their nose between the brows, do not think, I say, that this arrangement is to relieve the nostrils of the stenches and the pepper. It is part of the Egyptian woman's costume; only her eyes are allowed to blink and peep over the veil, and on either side of the brass ornament.

Yes, you go to see the pyramids. Everybody goes to see the pyramids. As you go out along the electric line over the causeway lined by palm trees, you come suddenly upon them, standing there in a sea of sand, the only vegetation in sight being behind you. The great Sahara stretching on for miles and miles ahead of you across the horizon. You turn to look south, and there is the great Delta of the Nile at your left, the table from which God has fed

Egypt's millions through these centuries. To the right, seventeen miles farther south than the pyramids, is Sakkarah and the wonderful rocked tombs of the kings. After the usual talk and argument, you follow your guides up the side of the pyramid and down through the hole in its northern side to the depths below. You are ushered into the rooms where once the mummified bodies of the kings of past ages lay silent and, as they thought, secure from the gaze of man in their granite coffins. Our guide could speak good English. As he expatiated on the wonders of these ancient tombs, standing there in the light of a candle, with all these mysteries of carved rock above us, I told him the story of another strange tomb. I told of the tomb where, wrapped in spices, the body of Jesus lay and then came forth without disturbing the wrapping. I told him how He talked again to His disciples, eating the honeycomb and the broiled fish in their presence and opening to them the Scriptures. He had never heard the story before. I told him more when we had come out of the pyramid, left behind the rooms carved with hieroglyphics and were travelling across the hot sands to the tombs at the south. I told him again of a King who was coming to reign.

When we stood at ancient Thebes, now more mud than Thebes, to gaze upon the fallen statue of a by-gone king, we talked of the glories of Egypt that had gone. He talked of a new Egypt in hot political language, while I finished with the story of the fall, of the glory that humanity had lost and the hell that awaits, and then of Calvary that put it all away for

those who would believe. I told him of the plagues and of God's prophetic word about Egypt. I turned and pointed to the very spots where God's word had stated this devastation would finally come. My own soul was roused and stirred, as I thought back over the centuries to the time when God let a man write out the destiny of this land. I dreamed again of Joseph. All in and about Cairo this guide kindly took us, when we had returned from the tombs, and I can hear him say yet at intervals, "You have told me a wonderful story; you have a wonderful happiness. If He is alive, life is not bad." I tried to make the way of life clear, but only the Spirit can illuminate. All I could think of, as I passed through Egypt, was a little phrase that kept running through my mind, "God is able to cast down." What a glorious thing to have a living Christ who is out of the tomb, as you visit a dead past in a tomb!

XII

IN THE HOLY LAND

MR. THOMPSON and his party came to Jerusalem by boat to Jaffa. Mrs. Rader and myself came by railroad from Cairo and reached Jerusalem the day after Mr. Thompson, his family and workers were received and welcomed, after nearly six years' absence. Mr. Thompson came from Alexandria the old way. We chose the shorter and the new way. We landed in Alexandria the day Mr. Thompson's party left by boat for Jerusalem, by way of Port Said and Jaffa. We went to Egypt, spent the week visiting all that was to be seen of tombs, pyramids, mosques and ancient buried cities, and then took the train for Jerusalem.

We left Cairo in the late evening, and were greeting our dear missionaries in Jerusalem before breakfast the next morning. Yes indeed, a dining car and sleeper runs between Cairo and Jerusalem. It saved us a week, if not more, for sometimes the boat waits many days in the Jaffa harbour before it is safe to allow passengers to land, because of the rocky shores.

Leaving Kantara, a military center of British operations, on the Suez Canal, the railroad runs through the sandy desert toward Philistia. This is the same path which Jacob took to go with his sons to his ruler-boy, Joseph, in Egypt.

The men at the stations did not look like Jacob. Not a single Jewish face could be seen. Arabic—



guttural, spitting, Arabic, was the only tongue that greeted our ears. The Jews are coming soon to meet these trains and talk to the passengers, but they are not yet here. In Jaffa and Haifa, the seaports, they are now arriving.

This is the awful sand through which General Archibald Murray's expedition marched, forcing the enemy into Gaza and Beersheba. You can see a great checkerboard of white crosses marking the graves of British soldiers. How thankful, these natives so long under Turkish oppression, should be to the men who gave their lives to break that terrible yoke! But they are not. They hate the British. The fire of hate smoulders in their breast. "The British have bought us from the Turk, ah yes," they say, "but they have sold us and our land to the Jews."

Here is the sentence that bites at their hearts, in the proclamation of the King of Great Britain: "The Allied and Associated Powers have decided that measures shall be adopted to secure the gradual establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish People."

To our surprise we found that even some of the Britishers spoke in belittling terms of their government's rule in Palestine. It is easy for an outsider to see why this is. These men, under Turkish rule, were so protected by their home government, and so feared and regarded by the Turks because they were citizens of Britain, that each was a small king in himself. Even if his servant broke the law, he could take him away from the Turk, box his ears and play

king himself. His little kingdom is now gone. Now there is real government. Justice, pure and wholesome, is in the land. Britain is doing wonders with government, the roads, agriculture, schools and religions. She is keeping peace and ruling by law. The work of evangelization can *now* leap forward as fast as money and men are yielded to God.

As you stop at Gaza and look out at the heights called Ali Muntar, you can hardly believe you are looking at the spot to which Samson carried off the gates. I suspect the British troops wished for Samson when they were storming it. It is desert, but the water has touched it at the stations and it blooms like California. Eucalyptus trees are waving close to the water tanks, and a few orange trees are in sight.

Then we come to Ludd, or Lydda. You see, we are going north. This is a junction for the railroad from Jaffa on the seacoast. Now we turn and go back southeast toward Jerusalem. We come to Ramleh, where we get a good eyeful of olive groves, and then on across the beautiful plain of Sharon away from the sand, eastward to Jerusalem. Then we landed at the modern stone depot.

I cried, "El-hamdelala." Mr. Thompson replied, "Nich-cararub," and Mr. Jago was supposed to say "Hallelujah," but he was too busy with his reception duties. Miss Parsons' native young women were all lined up, singing in splendid English, a song of welcome. I looked all about me. Not a Jewish face could I see. Hackmen, porters, citizens, crowd, all natives. Yes, there are Jews in Jerusalem. I found

them after a while in their sections, but I can meet more Jews in five minutes anywhere in Chicago or New York than I met mixed in the street crowds in Jerusalem.

They are coming into the land now, at the rate of 500 a week, and this is too fast, for no provision is being made for them in shelter, food or employment. They heard the land was open and they are doing their utmost to get in. They are willing to work. Jews who are college and professional men are breaking rock at government wages on the roadside. There is no work on the land for them until the land can be bought from the natives for them.

The price of land is out of all reason. Mr. Payne, our Jewish worker, is besieged for help, and is crying to the Lord, together with his Jewish helper, Mr. Isaacha. He had some young Jewish men for whom he was trying to provide, just as we arrived. They were pitiful in their rags and hunger. The Lord is using this Jewish plight to give us a door to Jewish hearts. We decided at the conference to open at once a Jewish shelter, to meet this tragic emergency. We had no sooner voted it, than Mr. Payne was called into the hall, and a leading doctor of the town, a noble Christian, had dropped in to say that he wanted to help some way in providing bread for the Jewish needy. Clothes are very much needed. Any kind will do. Every garment and no garment is allowable, it seems, on the streets of Jerusalem. A man wearing a woman's flowered hat would not attract a single eye. After you have seen the big fur hats and long yellow velvet coats of the Jerusalem

Jews, after you have seen the long curl of hair hanging down in front of each ear, and next to the Jew, walking in the road, a Hindoo, with his turban, and an Arab in his flowing lady dresses and dish-cloth headgear, you will stop turning to look around. Yes, any old clothes will help.

It is a wonderful time of opening among the Jews. Twelve Jews were baptized in our Jerusalem Church at the close of the war. Miss Butterfield "carried on" through the awful days. Then Mr. Jago and his party came. Miss Butterfield had the boys' boarding school already going, and soon Miss Parsons had her girls' school under way. The product of these schools cheered my heart and sent a "Hallelujah" ringing through my soul.

I was not prepared for such a noble lot of young women as greeted me at Miss Parsons' school. They were all natives, and as I watched and listened, I caught the ring of the Holy Ghost in their hearts. I was rather embarrassed when the smaller girls began to sing my own song to me, "Let the Tide Come In," and asked me to sing the last verse. The older girls are teaching, or finishing their teaching course. Two of these graduates went with Miss Parsons to reopen Beersheba, after the war, and did noble work. One of them did all the preaching. Her testimony about the work of the Holy Ghost in her heart, and His leadings, is equal to any I have heard at home from our young women. It had also the same fire of sacrifice and holy zeal. There will be great victories of which to tell, in this land, when these girls are turned loose to labour.

One of them was home from the city of Abood, where she lives, and is held at home for a mother's sake. Her zeal opened a school, and she is going on for the Lord. The native evangelist for this city came to the conference with her.

God has wonderfully worked in breaking down all barriers of the Greek Church here. The priest has invited this, our native evangelist, into his pulpit. The priest reads the regular service, and when he comes to the Scriptures he reads them, and then sits down, telling the people that this evangelist understands what the Scriptures mean and will tell them. So the evangelist preaches unhindered in the Greek Church. In Beersheba, where Mr. Smalley is doing splendid work, the Greek priest sends his boy to our school. At Miss Best's school the same story can be told, where over forty boys are in training.

David, a product of the boys' school, together with Racheed, another noble young evangelist from the school, has charge of a new school just opened in Ian Karum, the traditional birthplace of John the Baptist. David is doing fine work here, though his soul-hungry heart longs to go over Jordan to evangelize the Bedouin.

I never met a heart more given up or more steadily set toward evangelism. David gave up his position in the government employ at a good salary, to go to Ian Karum, just as soon as the government would demobilize him. Racheed's heart is big and full of joy. It was a treat for me to look at his face while I preached. His heart burns also for souls. These two manly, strong young men will make any sacrifice

for the Lord. I wish I had a few hundred in America filled with fire for souls as they are! Here are the turned-out product of the training school. They are fit and ready.

The conference voted to go across Jordan. Mr. Smalley is more than anxious to go over and take the land. He is determined to enter that long untouched field. He is a splendid student, and though very young in years, carries himself like a veteran, sober and prayerful and unwavering. Miss Allen, to whom he is engaged, is succeeding admirably with the language, and knows the life of faith, the life that takes from God. We have great hopes for this noble couple.

These young native evangelists are awaiting eagerly the hour of their assignments, since Mr. Thompson is back with reinforcements. Mr. Thompson will soon pick up all the broken cords, mend his fences torn down by the blight of war, and lead the advance. His heart is very happy, and all his helpers are eager for the reconstruction and forward move. Remember this *is a new mission field*. All the problems are new. New doors, long closed, are open, and we must enter in.

Miss Chalmers, from Scotland, is also brilliant in the language. She is studying both Arabic and Hebrew. With her grip on God, in lovely quiet spirit, she is moving forward to her work among the Jews. Mr. Davis and Miss Graves arrived with Mr. Thompson, and have gone at once to their language study. Miss Becroft, as formerly, in her splendid devotion, is upholding Miss Parsons in the girls'

school. Mrs. Clarke is a mother to the boys of the boys' school, and a warrior in prayer. Mr. Jago has been doing three people's work, but since that is close to his capacity he is still joyously taking the hardships that fall to him, as so many blessings. What a wholesome blessing his radiant spirit is to the mission! He will now have charge of the field work. If he had a Ford car it would more than double his capacity in the field. I am believing God for one for him.

What a church we have in Jerusalem! A really beautiful stone church, standing on solid stone. Everything is stone in Jerusalem. The audience is by far the most unique to which any man could preach. At the organ Mr. Payne presides, the numbers of the hymns being nicely printed and placed on the wall in a board case, episcopalian style, so that he who runs may read. To the left sit forty young native boys and men. Behind them sit other young men, about a half dozen of them graduates of our schools, who are in government positions in the city. With them is the Y. M. C. A. Secretary. Behind him is Mr. Landis, of Philadelphia, on his way back from Tokyo via Jerusalem. He has a good-sized party of American ladies and gentlemen with him. There are half a dozen tourists at the back, with a dozen soldiers, Englishmen, and there are also some men soldiers from India. One of these Hindoos, saved in the church, was baptized the week before. Next to them two eminent Bible critics and archaeologists are seated. Toward the rear, in the middle, are a lot of native women. Across from them, on

my right, are quite a group of native men in native costume. In front of them are some of the merchants and clerks of the city, dressed in European clothes, their fezzes remaining on their heads, church or no church. In front of them, on the right, and in the center, are Miss Parsons' girls. Up in the gallery are the day school children. The young evangelists, and those soon to be, are right down in front of me, to the left, where they can drink it all in. Behind them sits Mrs. Thompson and her little brood, Mrs. Jago and her boy, and Mrs. Rader. To the left are Mr. and Mrs. Heizer, the American Consul in Jerusalem, a credit to our nation, and a blessing to the church. Their daughter and some friends are with them. Other officials are behind them.

Mr. Gaboal, another product of our school, a converted Mohammedan, with a heart aflame for the Lord, is interpreting into Arabic what I say, for the benefit of the natives. Fourteen Jews are in this audience, and three converted Jewish preachers. What other message than the Gospel could fit these varied angles?

I went from Dan to Beersheba and from Haifa to the Dead Sea to look our field over. The villages of Palestine are unevangelized. The greater part of the Jewish immigration is going to the villages. Much philanthropic and Gospel work has been done in most of the larger cities, but the villages are without the Gospel.

On the way to Beersheba I had occasion to listen to Andrew preach to his Mohammedan people. Andrew is head of our boys' school, and one of the

products of the school he heads. We took him along to interpret my messages. In a small village, in the guest room with some fifty fine village men seated about the floor, he found his opening and used it to preach the Gospel. How he threw himself into it! Their questions flew at him hot and thick, but as artistically and cleverly as the old-time seller of patent medicine, he had an answer which floored them.

When he had beaten down their questions he sailed in, and for an hour I watched the product of all the tears and prayers and heartaches and sacrifice and money put forth in this Palestine mission, shine forth in an equipped native evangelist filled with the Holy Ghost and fire. Mr. Jago interpreted softly into my ear all that the young preacher was saying, as he fought on for souls. O how my heart leaped within me all that wonderful hour. Here was the answer, in one mission field at least, to a question which burned in my breast in America, a question which I was eager to have answered: Can the natives evangelize their own land if we train them? Indeed they can. We must put men and money into training Bible schools in every field. It does work. It will work.

For six years the war hammered at all that had been done on this field. Yet here are the young men who have come through the test of war and are in the harness for the Lord. We picked up the work afresh. It cannot be picked up where we stopped. It must be picked up farther on, for it is a new day and a new call in Palestine. We must meet the need of this hour in the land of our Lord and the land of the home-coming Jews.

XIII

“HOW DO YOU LIKE PALESTINE?”

THIS question I put to a young Jew from Chicago, as I shook hands with him in the hotel in Tiberius, on the shores of the lovely, dreamy, blue, history-soaked Sea of Galilee. “I made up my mind to like it before I came,” was his hearty answer.

If all the Jews who come to this land arrive with this young man’s attitude (and I think it is the attitude in which all the home-seekers are coming), it means a new Palestine in a very short time. In the answer of this young American Jew is the dynamic of all pioneering. What a motto, what a spirit for builders of a new nation and outriders for the crusaders of a home-coming race! “I made up my mind to like it before I came.” This kind of a spirit does not look at hardships, sees not things as they are, but as they are going to be.

What if this motto were written on the heart of every missionary of the Cross? What heartaches it would save! What foundations it would lay! What harvest it would gather! This motto is deep down in the heart of every true missionary. It is this motto, written in lives of sacrifice and hope, that has done all the real soul-saving work on all the mission fields of earth.

These weary men and women of Israel, making

their way to this "Land of Promise," their hearts aflame with hope, consider themselves missionaries. They are missionaries, coming to lay the foundations for the homes that are to be. They are willing now to take the hardships, that later, their loved ones and their brethren may come to find peace, an abiding place, a flag and freedom after two thousand years of wanderings over the whole earth. After twenty centuries of being hated, despised, persecuted, in the lands of strangers, they are coming back home.

Five hundred a week now leave the ships and find themselves looking out upon the land where Abraham once stood and gazed, a stranger in a strange land. Would that they knew they are now cashing in those promises to Abraham! Most of these home-coming Jews are refugees from Russia, but in every group are Jews from other lands. Some are common labourers, but most of them are far from common in their work. Here are fine folks who are mechanics, doctors, lawyers, university graduates, merchants, in the lands from which they came.

As they leave the ships they are all crowded together, irrespective of class, in some room, far too small; men, women and children having followed the guide from the ship, through the narrow, strange, stone-sided streets, up some stone steps, into a stone house, to a small smelly reception room. Boxes, bundles, suit-cases, lunches, bedding, men, young men, women, young women, crying children, explanations, questions, troubles, talk, gestures; money, no money; plans, no plans; destinations, no destinations; learning, ignorance; sick, well; fear, courage; disap-

pointment, hope; you will find mixed in one small room where a hundred or more souls are being sifted through the strangest network of circumstances ever faced by pioneers. Here are the pent-up waters of all the aspirations of a miraculous race, bursting forth like the first breaking whirlpools, later to pour like a deluge through the war-broken dam of civilization after two thousand years of restriction.

They are coming home, but their home is still occupied by strangers. They are not wanted by the natives of this land. The riots after the war tell their own sad story of bitter hatred. The average person, when one speaks of Palestine, thinks—for some hard-to-guess reason—that the land is filled with Jews. Keep clearly in mind, however, that Palestine is filled with a people whose customs and habits are far from those delightful to the Jew. The streets are crowded with brown and black faced men, women and children, with eyes so dirty and diseased that your heart melts within you as you look at their pathetic, unclean faces. They stand and gaze at you, their eyes for the most part half blinded if not totally so, with disease. The flies walk thickly upon their faces, but no attempt is made to brush them off. They are a barefoot people. Shoes are slipped on to walk in the roads at times. Some of the men have shoes, but few women carrying water and working, or children, ever use shoes. The dirt or stone floors of their houses are mostly untouched by shoes, for those who wear them leave them outside the door.

In the larger cities many of the natives dress like Europeans, but even the great majority of merchants

wear the long gowns and dresses so novel to our western eyes. The European must needs school himself to tell a man from what he has been accustomed to identify as a woman. The dresses and headgear keep you mixed up on the sexes. The women, with their simple, long, flowing one-piece dresses and head covers, their face veils of like material, are easy to distinguish when once one is familiar with the costumes. The blue tattooed lips and chins of the women are shocking to a European eye. The land is indeed filled with a strange people, a people far removed in every angle of life, from the home-coming Jews. The Jew must look at something besides the natives if he is going to care for Palestine.

Since the War (and before) there has sprung from the ranks of these natives a fine, progressive, new set of men and women, through the benefit of education in the schools set up by the various missionary societies. This class has great hopes for their native land. There are also, among the natives, uneducated men, but leading men of fine character and ability and wealth, who saw a new day coming, who felt a new era dawning, and had built and planned for it. These two classes were waiting for the day when they could swing in and make of Palestine a great country for their own homeland. They felt, as they saw the British advance, that it meant liberty in their own land for them. They hailed the Unionjack with hearts aflame. They would have kissed the feet of the men who put an end to their starvation and misery; but no sooner had the British arrived, than all their hopes were dashed

to the ground in the proclamation. It was a proclamation that their homeland was to be made the national homeland of the Jews of earth. They have turned upon the British in hatred, for they believe they have been unjustly sold out to the Jews.

Hatred of the Jew and the British sprang up like flames from a fire when oil is added. The flames, thanks to British justice and wisdom, have gone down, but the fire is there. You can uncover it in any village *suk* or *bab*. Ask yourself, then, how these incoming thousands of Jews are to find employment. The natives will not hire them. When one knows the conditions in Palestine, he understands how necessary and how vital to the home-coming of the Jew is the spirit of the young Jew's reply, “I made up my mind to like it before I came.”

Since Ezra's and Nehemiah's time, some four hundred years before Christ's birth, no Jew has been governor or ruler of Palestine. Now, on the Mount of Olives, in the palace built by the Kaiser, sits a Jew, Sir Herbert Samuel, the British High Commissioner of Palestine. His appointment, by the British Government, added more fuel to the flames; but Britain, together with the allies, had given her promise to the Jew before the war, and she intends, we are sure, to keep it. God is behind the allies' promise, and God will bless those governments, wherever their flags float, for making and keeping this promise. God's promise is out to the seed of Abraham, and blessed are the nations who have God as their ally in working out a promise.

Part of the text of the promise in the after-war

proclamation, signed by the King of Great Britain, reads: "The Allied Powers, whose arms were victorious in the late war, have entrusted to My Country a mandate to watch over the interests of Palestine and to ensure to your country that peaceful and prosperous development which has so long been denied to you. * * * You are well aware that the Allied and Associated Powers have decided that measures shall be adopted to secure the gradual establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish People."

God's covenant to Abraham concerning Palestine, reads: "I will give unto thee and to thy seed after thee, the land wherein thou art a stranger, all the land of Canaan for an *everlasting possession*, and I will be their God."

To the wise, these two covenants should point the way to Palestine's successful future. We have, then, two covenants in harmony, and a Jew as High Commissioner to carry out the task of fulfillment for the government. Sir Herbert Samuel feels the unique position which he occupies. He is aware of the fire which is burning in the hearts of the natives. I am sure for myself, that he takes his office as a sacred trust, for he told me so himself between sentences and by his attitude.

It was a great privilege to be invited to see him. On Sunday night the Governor of Jerusalem sent his secretary to ask if he could be of service to me. With deep appreciation, I told him how much I should enjoy meeting the first governor of the New Palestine. He informed me that the High Commis-

sioner would be pleased to receive me at eleven-thirty the next morning.

At the appointed time I was on the Mount of Olives, standing before the military guard outside the old palace of the Kaiser, which had been taken by the British as government headquarters and home of the High Commissioner. The guard snapped his boots together, stood erect, and acted for all the world like a British Tommy, though he was a native of the land, who had learned his English in the boys' school of our Alliance Mission in Jerusalem.

At the door I found a man dressed in scarlet Turkish bagged trousers, full shirt and vest. The vest was lavishly embroidered with gold tinsel. He wore his fez rather rakishly over one eye. He addressed us in good English. Suddenly a great broad smile, showing a wealth of white teeth, decorated his dark face. He was greeting my companion, Mr. Thompson, the head of our Alliance Missionary work in Jerusalem.

The government has laid hold of all our school's young men who desired positions. This young receiving man invited us to "fuddle." I have "fuddled" from Dan to Beersheba and from Haifa to Jericho. If a native wishes you to sit down, he says, "Fuddle;" if he wants you to get up he says, "Fuddle." Eat, go ahead, drink, speak, it is all "fuddle." So we "fuddled" into a great stone hall and then into a stone room with Turkish decorations. After a pause we "fuddled" again, and were in the presence of the fine upstanding Englishman, Captain Groves. He looked as if he would make good in the

prize ring, and gave me a good hand-clasp that made me feel sure he would. He disappeared into the High Commissioner's room to tell him the American Christian had come to see the English Jew and ruler of Palestine.

While he announced our coming I turned to the window to look back over Jerusalem. From this second-story window, high up on the Mount of Olives, Jerusalem looked like an opal set in silver. There was the mass of pearl stone buildings, touched with red tile roofs to give the fire to the opal, and all about the grey stony hills flashing silver in the sun. A dozen patient camels, heavy laden, were in the road below. Ahead of them were their drivers, riding peacefully along astride the little sure-footed donkeys. The owners were casting fearful glances at the soldiers who guarded the entrance.

As the door opened to allow a Jewish rabbi and a lady interested in work for women to pass out, I turned from the window. It was my turn to see the High Commissioner, and I walked in without the least idea of the kind of a man I was to meet.

A fine looking business man, far more American looking and acting than English, arose from his table desk, gave me a hearty handshake, and motioned me to a chair. I sat down, to look into a kindly and wise pair of brown eyes set in full sockets below black, heavy eyebrows and above a closely cropped black mustache. The rest of the face was smooth. I looked instinctively between the kindly eyes for the Jewish nose, but it was not there. A large nose was there, however, the kind Napoleon would have de-

sired in his generals. The Commissioner's athletic, medium-weight body was in perfect keeping with his strong face.

He started the conversation. I made up my mind at once that he would start most anything he desired. I spoke of his place in Jewish history, and at once we were on ground delightful and familiar. I spoke of the task committed to his hands. He said it was not half as difficult as he had pictured to himself before coming. He had entered the city with military display, with machine guns before and behind him, but not because he wanted it so. He soon changed that and put himself on the most democratic footing. His son's wedding gave occasion for him to show himself openly to the people.

Ninety-seven per cent of all government employees are natives, so he told me. He spoke of the unemployed. He went into detail concerning the new companies soon to come into the country. Only the day before, a company with a quarter of a million capital started at Jaffa in the fruit washing and packing industry. Another, with a like capital, had just started to extract vegetable oils. I spoke of the bitter complaint of the business men that the Zionists have spent much money in paper talk at home, but were not providing industry or employment for the incoming Jews, leaving them to land here in want. When I had finished, I found he was a diplomat. He has the type of intellect that can handle the eastern mind, so hard to be understood by the direct American or English type. His mind has a suppleness of the East and a touch of the mystery of his

people's blood. He will win by wooing, rather than wrenching or smashing head on. The natives will be delighted when they have talked with him.

The Anglo-Saxon mind is too emphatic, too brisk for these eastern peoples. The easterner dresses up his ideas for you and comes to you with bouquets of words encasing his idea. He is most shocked when we slap the bouquet to the ground, pull away the dresses and expose a naked idea, shivering in the blast of a cold, quick answer. Sir Herbert can be as sudden and direct as the English might like, and as gentle and concealed as would satisfy this dark-skinned, long oppressed and yet not depressed people. He shook my hand warmly as we parted. I left with a high feeling of admiration in my heart for him, sure that if I had a case to plead, I should choose him as a splendid judge.

I had seen the successor of Ezra and Nehemiah, and my heart was glad. Prophecy seemed all ablaze, all fresh, as I followed the palace guide from the High Commissioner's office to climb up the Kaiser's former tower, to look again into every point of the compass, over the land which was promised to Abraham and his seed after him. My heart thrilled to know that not far from this tower, above the High Commissioner's palace, on this, the Mount of Olives, my blessed Lord left the earth for Glory and is soon coming again from Glory to earth.

A weird feeling seized me as I remembered the anti-Christ actions of the Kaiser in the war, and now saw his decorations about me. Here were his inscriptions on the great bells at my side in the top of

the tower. Past him and his memory I looked away to the north, where, in the grounds of another palace, were laid the foundation stones of the Jewish University for Jerusalem.

Mr. Jago, our field worker in the Alliance Mission in Jerusalem, had a unique experience at the laying of these stones. The crowd had gathered round, with dignitaries in every direction. Mr. Jago was late in coming to the ceremony, but was intensely anxious to see this scene of prophecy in fulfillment. His carriage stopped on the outer edge of the crowd. He alighted, dressed in his Red Cross uniform. The Jewish guards had been ushering all dignitaries to the front. Now, even though the ceremonies had started, and even though Mr. Jago did not count himself important, the guard would not stop elbowing common people and officials aside until he had him securely placed in the front line, where he stood with one foot on a foundation stone until the service ended—the only Gentile in the crowd, so far as he could see.

Yes, the foundations are laid, not only of a Jewish university, but of a Jewish nation. They are laid first of all in the unchangeable Word of our God, who will keep His promise to Abraham and his seed after him, in the deeds of General Allenby and his men, in the promise of the Allies and Great Britain to the Jews, and in the Jews themselves, preserved of God for such an hour as this.

The day of the Jews, long looked for, has arrived. They are coming home, and each will say, because of all this, when you ask him how he likes Palestine, “I made up my mind to like it before I came.”

XIV

"HATH-A-HE"

HATH-A-HE" means, "This is that," in Arabic, if I catch it rightly. This is that city of Jonah. This is that city of Simon Peter and the housetop vision. This is that port of entry into Palestine. This is that Joppa (Jaffa). Here the Mediterranean turns over the cargo and passengers of her ships to the "Land of Promise."

Here is the wharf, as busy as a depot in a mining town, since the land has been opened to the Jews of earth. The rush, the talk, the chances taken, the crowded conditions, the metropolitan crowd, and the hawkers, all remind one of the gold-rush days, or the newly opened oil districts. In the gold rush it is a new town made from a hillside. Here it will be a very old town made into a new town,—old things set aside for new is the order of the day.

Great changes are taking place now, and greater are soon to follow. This is a city of great changes. Jonah changed ships, to his sorrow. Peter changed old ideas for new. He was sure salvation was for Jews alone, but God took him to that house which they point out on the elevation a little way from the wharf, and let him see things differently.

The house to which they point may not be the exact house of Simon the Tanner, but it is as near like it as one could ask, and the spot is surely not

many feet away. From the top of this house we can get a good view of the surrounding country. May we even get a vision of a new day in Palestine and the soon coming of the Lord, as Peter got a vision of glad news to Gentiles and a new era in God's progress.

When Peter got a vision, it was of the shifting of plans from the Jew to the Gentile. Now the starting of the shifting back again from Gentile to Jew is upon us. May we see, and govern our lives accordingly.

Peter said to the Lord, as he saw in the vision a sheet filled with unclean beasts, "I have never eaten anything unholy or unclean." The Lord soon changed his ideas. May Christians stop, in their attitude toward the Jew, as Peter did in his attitude toward the Gentile, and come to their aid in this crisis hour, as Peter came to Gentile aid by going down with his six companions to Caesarea. What a glad day when the Holy Ghost, at Caesarea, fell upon the Gentiles after the preaching of the Gospel by Peter! May the Gentiles so preach the gospel to the Jews in Jerusalem, in Joppa, in Caesarea, that the Holy Ghost will fall upon them!

Someone, some society, must take the gospel to the Jews in a large way in this large new day for Palestine and the Children of Israel. Peter entered Caesarea for the gospel's sake. We must enter these unevangelized villages of all Palestine for the gospel's sake. Many cities of Palestine have seen much faithful Christian philanthropic and gospel work, but the villages of Palestine are yet unevangelized. If we do not evangelize them before the Jew comes in,

or as he comes in, will we evangelize them under harder conditions after he comes in and a Jew is the chief of a village instead of a Mohammedan? Will we meet the new day for Israel?

Some have stated that the Jews are not coming to Palestine, as the Zionists claim. They are not flocking as one would imagine, but we may thank God they are coming no faster. They are coming now faster than homes, land or employment can be secured for them.

One of our missionaries told us to-night that across the street from the mission, here in Jaffa, is a Zionist reception hall, and that the newcomers are packed into this hall for shelter, on arrival, like sardines in a can, a hundred or more at a time. Many who have come have been disappointed and have returned because the "milk and honey" were not in evidence, no food, no money. A bright Jewess from the East End of London, who came lately, stopped her goods from being landed when she found the conditions in the land. One wonders how so intelligent a person could be so deceived; but hundreds, without inquiring into conditions, have taken ship because of newspaper talk.

The Jews are really gathering—little as they know it—to that great day of His coming. Our society arranged last week to open a new hall on the main street in Jerusalem for our Jewish work.

Look over there at the spot where Caesarea stood on the seashore. It is now a ruin, but once it was a proud Roman Colony seaport, walled and strong. Think of Caesarea a ruin! O, may the Church on

earth shake herself and spread the knowledge of the Lord, lest she become a ruin like this city, where first the Holy Ghost fell upon the Gentiles.

In this same Caesarea, for Christ's sake, Paul suffered two years as a prisoner of the great war in which we are engaged: a war to the finish between Satan and our glorious Lord. Let us look afresh at this great foundation land laden with sacred history, the birthplace of many a promise, the city of many a miracle. Here are the footprints of our Lord. Here those early martyrs suffered for this faith we love. Let us look and remember the price that was paid, and the sufferings endured, lest we grow soft and flabby in our faith and settle back into the ease of a world only too glad to keep us quiet about the mighty issues surrounding us and connected with our glorious Saviour and King and His soon return.

Stand with me on the roof, as Simon Peter stood, and look off from the city back toward the south. See the great level plain running straight away from the city eastward, as well as to the south. See the great, rock-sided hills, blue and gray, rise up at the edges of the plain, as if they once were the sea-shore and this plain the old bed of the ocean. Close to the city, and beginning where the streets leave off, are acres of orange groves, palm trees, banana trees. Is there any fruit tree that will not grow here? One asks this whenever, in the low lands, the water and the land can meet. A little irrigation and all that is said of California can be said of this land, and much, very much, more.

See the caravans moving along the road between

the high cactus hedges. The camels walk as if they were swinging to music. No wonder their owners put bells of different sizes around their necks, to enjoy the tinkles of the many metal tongues. See, beyond the hedges and the groves, in the open fields, the men are plowing. Note first the head-dress. It looks like a dish-drying cloth folded diagonally and put upon the head with the ends gathered at the back, then pulled down over it. Instead of a hat is an argall or two strands, an inch thick, of camel's hair black rope. The ends of the white cloth flow gracefully down over the ears and neck to drape artistically over the shoulders. Then comes the dress with the low neck, and the long, dark cape.

In one hand the tiller of the soil holds the plow. It has but one handle. The plow itself is about as big as a man's foot and goes only a few inches under the soil to turn up, or rather scratch, the soil. Notice what is pulling the plow. Over there a camel is plowing, followed by a donkey team doing the same work. In another field, farther out on the plain, are many yoke of oxen engaged in the same task. They are very small oxen, not larger than a good yearling in America. They keep steadily at the work, urged forward by a long stick, sharpened at one end. This is the goad or prick, against which the Lord Jesus told Paul he was finding it hard to kick.

Many fields stretch away to make this lovely, historic Plain of Sharon. The Rose of Sharon, about which we have sung and read, is not a rose at all, but looks like our white narcissus. It starts to bloom in January, while these "fellahin" are in the

fields, plowing. At this time gorgeous red poppies or anemones also bloom. They wave like beautiful flames from a lake of fire, when they fill the little valleys. No words can describe the uplift to the heart caused by their vivid beauty.

Turn now, and look north, where the blue Mediterranean bends to meet the Plain of Sharon and sings along the sands of Canaan land. Let's sing together, as we look at sea and plain and away over the foothills to where the lofty snow-capped Hermon stands guard over all the land:

“I'm living on the mountain underneath a cloudless sky,
I'm drinking at the fountain that never shall run dry,
Oh yes, I'm feasting on the manna from a bountiful
supply,
For I am dwelling in Beulah Land.”

Sit down on the top of the house wall, and we'll look over the side of the house, down into the street. It is only ten feet to the sidewalk. I mean street, for there is no sidewalk. Across the street, on the corner, is an old wooden building. Does it not look odd standing there with stone streets, high stone fences and stone buildings all around it? It was brought out here many years ago by some Friends missionaries. All our missionaries build of stone now, or rent stone.

Those Russian children are young Jews on their way to the Jewish school in the Jewish colony at the edge of the town, across the railroad track. Oh, yes, there are good railroads in Palestine now. The war made them first-class. You can go up to Haifa or to Ludd and change there for Jerusalem. Or, from Haifa you can go to the plain below Nazareth and

to Nablus and across Jordan and up to Damascus, or down on the east side of Jordan, far south to Medina. The camels resting in front of that group of little shops will not need to come into the cities much longer, for the railroads will take their place.

Look out, camels! Look out, children! There comes a Ford car, lickety-split down the once safe street. See the camels struggling to get up and away. Watch the children edge up close to the shop doors. Notice the way the camels are tied. When they kneel down to rest a rope is tied around one front leg, and now they can only stand up on three legs, but cannot walk away. The great sacks on their pack saddles are pack bags holding goat-skins, and the goat-skins are filled with olive oil. Some of the bags are filled with green olives, and others with dates.

There go four Jews of the old type, wearing broad hats made of long fur, their hair in long curls, a curl in front of each ear. The hair on the back of the head is cut. Observe those little lads? They each have a long curl in front of each ear also. The older Jews are wearing long orange coloured velvet coats, another has a green coat, and still another displays a purple garment.

Here is a young soldier Jew, just demobilized, but staying in the land. He has let his sideburns grow down below the line at the bottom of the ear. They are close cropped. He would not wear a curl, but he has made some concession to Palestine tradition and mixed in a bit of modernism. We just talked with him in the restaurant, or that funny tea place, whatever they call it, where we ate a cheese sandwich

made of a small barley loaf, like the one the lad gave to Jesus to feed the multitude. It was round, and the size of a pancake, but twice as thick, and of light mud colour.

This Jew says he is all "fed up" on the army, and is keen for civilian life. He knows little of the faith of his fathers. He is in for socialism. He is set against this religious business, and is for something new, and is in this land to do a good turn for his race and to see to it that they get a fair deal in the labour proposition. He is well versed in the language of socialism. You will find that very many of them are.

That young fellow leaning on the donkey is from Chicago (so he told me) and is here in the dairy business. "Give my love to old Chicago. Good night, I'd give a million to be there," he said, when we talked yesterday. His father is an orthodox Jew. He sold everything he had, took his money and his family and came to this land. So the young fellow is here, whether he likes it or not. "I'd come back here," he said, "even if I went back to America. They all do. Jew blood points to Palestine like a compass-needle to the North Pole."

See that other wooden building down in that block? That's a carpenter's shop and a model of the portable houses they are making on the inside. That fat Jew on the outside, wearing the carpenter's blue apron, is the boss. He has more orders for houses than he can fill, and he's cussing the ships daily because his lumber is slow in arriving. He has twelve fine carpenters working for him.

Those big young fellows with high boots and high heels? You have guessed right. They are demobilized young Russian soldiers. They have managed to keep parts of their old uniform. What a snap there is to their walk!

Here comes a crowd of donkeys laden to the guards, and a crowd of natives in their dirty long dresses, yelling at the donkeys, talking as if the next moment they would draw their daggers. But there are smiles on their faces now. It is only the peculiar sound of their harsh language to our untrained ears. The crowd following them is made up of native women. How straight they walk! You would walk straight, too, if you had a great water jar balanced on your head, or a half-dozen cabbages on a reed tray riding on the top of your skull. They are wearing a garb that might be described as "Madonna-like," holding part of their head-cloth with their teeth to partially hide their faces, in keeping with the Mohammedan custom.

Yes, "this is that" Jaffa. Such noise and chatter, such "nitin" air, as the natives would say, which means malodorous. The stench is greatly reduced. Every one of the old-timers call your attention to its diminution since the British have set up some sanitary laws. But, oh, Britain has still some work cut out for her on this subject, if my nostrils are any judge.

That ship entering the harbour is arriving from Port Said. The little boats are making their way to her over and through the dangerous reef of jagged rocks which makes this a dangerous harbour. Unless the sea is calm, passengers cannot land. Many boats

stay there at anchor for a week, waiting for the sea to calm enough to allow their passengers and baggage to be put into those shore boats and guided by skillful oarsmen through the rocks, in safety, to the wharf.

The shore side of that passenger boat is crowded. All the Jewish hearts aboard are feeling a strange thrill, as, for the first time, they look upon the land of their fathers. Surely they rejoice as they gaze out over the lovely Plain of Sharon, to the hills, the strong, vine-covered hills of Judaea. Surely it cheers them to behold the olive groves on the rocky slopes, the orange groves of the plain, and the palm trees. Perhaps some of them have just finished reading Lamentations, and the Word is still on their lips: "The crown is fallen from our heads: woe unto us, that we have sinned! Wherefore dost thou forget us forever, and forsake us so long time? Turn thou us unto thee, O Lord, and we shall be turned; renew our days as of old."

Be quiet on that ship. Let us turn, together, here in Jaffa, on the housetop, and read God's promise to these Jews who think they are coming of their own volition, and forget this which we will read: "I will bring thy seed from the east and gather them from the west. I will say to the north, Give up, and to the south, Keep not back. Bring my sons from far and my daughters from the ends of the earth."

Amen, Lord! Thy Word is true! Thou hast spoken! They are coming! They are landing at this Jaffa. They are the Jonahs thrown from the belly of the nations. "Hath-a-he!" "This is that."

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XV

WILL YOU JOIN ME?

IHAVE just returned from the region of Jericho, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. The Lord has been centering my thoughts on the high mountain to which the devil took our Saviour when He had been baptized and filled with the Holy Ghost. The Scripture says, "And was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, being forty days tempted of the devil."

As you stand anywhere in the Dead Sea valley this mount of temptation is the most prominent feature of the landscape. Across Jordan rise the high purple banks of this Dead Sea basin called, as you know, the hills of Moab. They are far away, and do not hold your attention except for their changing hues. Jericho stands there, looking like our Mexico cities made of adobe and whitewashed. The old Jericho is a mile or more north-west, near the springs which Elisha healed with salt. It is buried in the mud of time. Part of the walls and part of the town has been excavated, and tourists can have a look.

It is all interesting, but away to the western bank of hills my eye was constantly drawn. I could not keep it away from the highest point of this line of hills, which is traditionally known as the Mount of Temptation. All about, on the plain, is a great flat area of salty mud land; but this mountain, or top of a straight, upstanding cliff, calls your eyes upward.

Part way up on its perpendicular side hangs a group of hermitages where priests are held for punishment. On top are some other chapels and ruins. You can see them as a speck, from Jericho. I gazed on that mountain, marvelling at our Lord's battle with temptation. I wonder if, as prayer warriors, we consider the campaign of temptation carried on by the devil, as we should.

This mountain assumes deep interest for me, for I have had to consider the enemy's work of temptation as never before in my life. Since I decided that the Lord was talking to me about this world tour of the mission fields, I have had the most peculiar temptations and oppressions. Now that I am on the edge of heathenism and one stage past, I feel another flank attack, ere I start to India. I have been studying again, on my knees, the Lord's temptations, for I believe they were set down as a guide for our own warfare and spiritual teaching in temptation, strategy and conquest.

It seems strange to read in the first verse of the record—"filled," and in the next, "tempted of the devil." As I look back over my own life I find my greatest temptations and oppressions have come after vision and filling. I wonder if your experience at this point has been the same. If so, then the enemy especially hates filling and vision, and starts his campaign to harass in order to depress or lead to sin, and thus spoil the filling. He disturbs the mind by presenting short cuts to fulfillment of vision, offering kingdoms, offering satisfaction for ~~immediate~~ needs of various hungers. All this is to

given of God. Unless we have fought some of these fights, we probably do not know all that Paul had in mind when he said he was "not disobedient to the heavenly vision." I am asking myself to-day how true have I been to my vision, and how true has the movement kept to *its* vision?

On this mountain Christ went through some of this temptation agony, and I am praying that afresh God might lead me to prayer for renewal of vision. Will you join me? We are responsible, in our generation, for those given us to lead. We are responsible for the paths the church on earth—so far as we have any influence—shall take. If the original vision and commission was evangelization of the world, how much have we given ourselves exclusively to it? How much real planning have we done for straight evangelism?

I find that I, personally, have been doing a deal of following, for I have moved in what I thought was the direction of evangelization, from reports and gathered data, and, to some extent, thank God, it has been in that direction. But, oh, what a large percentage of all our effort is spent in what I may call *Camp Activities* instead of *Field Activities*, speaking of the whole evangelization movement as a war to reach all the frontiers of heathenism. This distinction in Christian activities, which I wish to bring plainly before you as Camp Activities and Field Activities, was borne in upon me as I visited the trenches strewn over the battlefields, and the remains of camps in the recent war. It is not the camps which the guides point out to you as the places of

interest, but the spots where the enemies' lines were attacked by the allies.

Our show places of Christianity seem to be our camps; that is, our home churches filled with soldiers well fed spiritually and engaged in adding more camp activities to the already crowded lists. If we really were following the vision and commission of Christ to the Church, we would center our interest on the trenches next to the enemies' lines, or the farthest out stations of missionary and evangelistic effort in heathenism.

The newspapers at home, during the war, cleared the front pages for field activity reports. Once in a while the reports from the cantonments and the training camps came to us, but were only interesting if the men were preparing to leave for the front. The liberty loans were the important home activities. Now comes the question: What if the liberty loans and the training camps were all active and the soldiers landed on the field, but there was no plan of action? That is, suppose each regiment ran to some point and camped, to fight as best it might?

As I have talked in England, Scotland, and on the boats, and in cities, with missionary leaders, a chill has struck my heart, lest this might be our great fault in world evangelization. If this were the case and the enemy had any plan, each regiment would be spending most of its time in defensive warfare. It is just this kind of planless fighting that has led to institutionalism, agriculturalism, hospitalism, educationalism at home and on the foreign field.

I talked to a doctor who has built a hospital,

through real sacrifices, in a very heathen city. He did not know just why he had, or what the spiritual results of his thirty years of work had been. He took thirty minutes to tell me about a wonderful operation he had lately performed. When I talked of definite salvation work, he told me they hold a service twice on Sunday. He knew to a nicety the temperature, pulse, and daily record of this patient upon whom he had operated, and had called upon him several times after he had gone home, and seemed elated in telling me that the whole thing was now sure and a real cure. Yet he could tell me nothing of definite soul work. Surgery and medicine have reached their present efficiency because some men constantly and daily, by experiment and minute record, attack the far outposts of disease and plan campaigns into new diseased territory. They have set up laboratories and endowed them with millions, just to experiment and fight for new-gained territory in the realm of disease and death. But we are held back by immediate hungers which we are trying to supply. Oh, the stones to be made into bread! We are held back by kingdoms offered. Oh, the thousand and one beautiful kingdoms of homes, loves, arts, monies, commerce, honour, fame, which are offered! We are held back by offers of miracle schemes to convince the people. Oh, the money spent to put up something that will make people think we are doing something!

Satan's campaign is to keep us at camp work and away from field work. I want you to join me in a campaign of prayer that will defeat Satan in this, and

lead to a new day of "Field Activities." Let us first make sure we are filled and get a new vision, and then go in for the temptation that is bound to come, and pray it through by the Word of God until this prayer campaign shall see better trenches, longer field guns, more soldiers in the trenches, more supplies coming up from the rear; but, above all, brethren, a definite plan along all the line of trench for evangelizing, and a holy stubbornness in taking no substitution for evangelizing.

Standing on old Jericho, and looking up at that Mount of Temptation, I promised God to enter a new campaign of prayer for heavenly plans that will really evangelize in the "Regions Beyond" as never before. Will you join me in prayer?

A HIGHWAY

"Thus saith the Lord, which maketh a way in the sea, and a path in the mighty waters." Isaiah 43:16.

The Mediterranean's sobbing waves
Are singing their song near the prophets' graves.
Its bosom has carried the Word of God,
Its shores the earliest saints have trod.

It sobs where sits "the Harlot of Rome,"
And it rolls on the sands which the Jews call "home."
It heard of Babylon's wicked deeds,
It kept the law of the Persians and Medes.

Great cedars for Solomon soaked in its brine,
Ere covered with gold for that light divine.
The glories of Greece now rest in its bed
With glories of nations now dying or dead.

The stories of Tyre and of Sidon it knew,
The stories of Rome and her world power too,
The glories of Egypt spilt out on its shores,
The Suez connects all the east and its stores.

108 'ROUND THE ROUND WORLD

Alexander, Napoleon, Allenby too,
All the victors of war clear the way for the Jew.
This sea is the path and the highway of God
To bring home the children of Abraham's blood.

Hear all history say, "I am He
Which maketh a way in the sea
And a path in the mighty waters"
For Jacob's sons and his daughters.

(Written at Port Said, at the mouth of the Suez Canal.)

XVI

IN THE SUEZ CANAL

THERE is not a tree, nor a man, nor a hut on either side of this man-made cut as far as my eyes can see. There are trenches of sand left by Allenby's men who have either died or gone home again, and the sands have covered their glory. From Port Said to Suez this canal resembles a big irrigating ditch, with a bit of broadening at Bitter Lake.

We left Port Said last night about eight o'clock and crossed, before midnight, the spot where God let Jacob come through the desert sands by the way of the Philistines. This is at Kantara, a large military center, and the point where the Cairo-Jerusalem railroad crosses the canal. But God would not let Jacob's children go back to the Land of Promise that way. Exodus 13:17 plainly says, "God led them not through the way of the land of the Philistines." No, the children of Israel could have there seen war and have run back to Egypt and the world. God built His bridges for them through the Red Sea, and burned them behind them Himself. We talk of burning bridges behind us, whereas, it is a fact that God gets us in His own way, into His plan, and Himself burns the bridges. (Four aeroplanes are now passing over on their way up the canal.)

We are now passing the very route of the Israelites (after the sea crossing), where above them no air-



ship passed, but where God's cloud hovered, and, at night, the pillar of fire burned. I am looking upon the three days' route in the wilderness of Shur,—and indeed it is a wilderness. At seven o'clock this morning we crossed the place where God led the Children of Israel across in the opposite direction. We passed safely over the waters, where Pharaoh's hosts sank like lead. Silently and safely we passed over Pharaoh's chariot wheels, the horses and their riders, sunken these many centuries in the sands which had been dried before the feet of God's chosen people as a pavement of passage. I feel like singing. I would join Miriam's chorus: "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

The sea has an awful mouth. What wonders God has performed with the water of the sea as His weapon. The glories and triumphs of the ages have come down the rivers and been buried in the sea. We speak of the swallowing of the *Titanic* and the great ships of the late war. The same great mouth has swallowed all the navies of all time. The God-fighters of all the centuries were epitomized in Pharaoh. What God did to him He does to them all. The higher critics of our day are the latest Pharaohs,—the latest God-fighters with the most modern weapons. Oh the willing slaves who bow to the snap of their witty whips! See the slavish brains bend to their studious tasks at the call of the critic's latest book,—battalions of preacher-slaves making their brick sermons without straw and taking the leeks and garlic of salary for their servile service,

while God is waiting anxiously to open the sea of revelation, let them into freedom, and feed them on the daily manna of His rich promises and the wonders of prophecy. He is willing to cover them with the power of the Holy Ghost, and by the same Holy Ghost to become light in their intellectual darkness, as the pillar of fire of old.

We are now in the open Red Sea. Marah is on our left as we sail south. Again the Israelites encountered hardship. Why not go back and go over desert sands, as Allenby did, and enter Canaan as that great general and his troops? God had a plan deeper than the plans of man,—a campaign double in its conquests. Allenby was trying to enter the land. God was trying to enter the people before they entered the land. The Red Sea was to show them His power, that their hearts might really open and trust Him. Again God was knocking at their heart's door, through the bitter waters of Marah, that He might find entrance. Moses cut down a tree to sweeten the waters, God cut down His only begotten Son to sweeten death's waters for men. That was a later campaign, of which this healing of the waters was a type.

You can tell the story of Allenby's entrance into the land, and there's an end to it. The stories of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Moses and the Israelites is a foundation for a superstructure of revelation. It is an index at the beginning of God's dealings, centuries ago, which to-day indicates the outline or stations of our spiritual journey. These were not happenings to be buried in the sand, but events which

became monuments marking the highway of man out of sin and death through the shed blood of Christ into the presence and fellowship of God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost.

We, as Christians, go over and over this story of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob with his sons and children, over their deliverance from Pharaoh and the crossing of the Red Sea and rejoicing on the farther bank, Marah and Sinai, Jordan and Canaan, not because we have learned them as so much sacred folklore (as the critics would try to make men believe), but because these are the alphabet of all spiritual language and subsequent revelation. With these narratives we can spell out and read history, science, literature. These are the key-words in all the phrases and phases of civilization. These, together with the earlier chapter of Genesis, form the foundation for a philosophy of human history, and also its consummation. Without these, life has no plot. Without these, life is like a murder mystery with a thousand clues and no two that fit into a theory. This is God's theory, and wars are only detectives of time at the work of elimination. A few more clues run to their end, one more man-made theory built up and headed by the anti-Christ,—then the elimination of all other possibilities will have come, and Christ, the seed of Abraham, the seed of the woman, the slain lamb with blood deliverance, will come. As Joseph, the sold one, who became ruler (just over there to my right, in the delta of the Nile) and revealed himself to his brethren in famine time, Christ will reveal Himself (just over to my left and a few miles north, at the

Mount of Olives). These Bible stories fit each other. They fit together into an intelligent illuminating whole, and each adds to the other one step in a great revelation stairway. At the top of that stairway is Jesus Christ the Son of God; Prophet, Priest and King.

These desert sands are shifting, but they have not been able to cover up the truth of these stories. The Suez Canal has been cut through the spot of God's revelation of His power. It has been cut by the hands of man, but all the work of the higher critics cannot cut up or cut apart this alphabet of salvation and revelation told forth in Genesis and Exodus.

It is ours to-day not only to say we believe these stories of God's early dealings, but also to have such dealings with the God of those early stories that others will see that the God of Abraham—the faithful promise-keeper, the God of Isaac—the miracle-worker in Sarah's barren womb, the God of Jacob—crooked, but made straight, and the God of Moses, the All-powerful One is our same glorious God and none other than Jesus Christ our Lord. Let us tell the world that the God of Moses, the "I AM" is our Saviour and Lord, who was and is and is coming again.

LIBERTY!

"Whom the Son makes free is free indeed." Men everywhere are seeking liberty. The very name is making the souls of men tingle, like the palate of a child at the word "candy." After leaving Port Said, down in the hole of the ship I went to talk with the stokers. One of them wiped his coal-covered face,

and, with glowing eyes, pointed me to a picture of Lenine and Trotsky. "Liberators," he hissed between his teeth. Then he pointed to a poster and watched my face, as I tried to make it out. On the right side of a street a house was pictured in a dark shadow. A fat priest was calmly looking out of a window at a man on the sidewalk, a worker, hungry and sad of face. Across the street there was glorious sunlight, and in the man's stead was standing Christ, as a working man, and no priest was at the window. The stoker's dirty hand reached up, and a pantomime followed, in which he dragged the priest from the window, and, registering victory and liberty on his face, he pointed to the picture of Christ and then to Lenine and Trotsky. I could not understand many of his words, but I got the idea.

Quite a crowd had gathered around, and now each was trying, in broken English, to make the program of liberty plain to me. These men had been on a strike in Trieste, Italy, and delayed our boat a whole week. I tried to tell them the real way to real liberty, through Christ, but they could not understand my tongue. One of them took my hand, turned it over, and looked inside. He was looking for the marks of labour. I jerked it away with force. He was about to smile, when he reached and grabbed my arm. I tightened my muscle, and he was puzzled. He looked at my hand again, felt the muscle, and could not solve the problem. Here was his problem: How could a man have a hard, strong muscle and no marks of labour on his hands! I saw my advantage at once, and called, "American, American."

Soon they brought me a man, who could speak "Leetle American." "Is that arm strong? Ask these men that," I directed. He got the idea and asked them. One of them grabbed my hand and I wrung it from him. They admitted the arm was strong. "Remember," I continued, "there is strength in the world that does not show the marks of labour. Labour is not the only strength." My interpreter finally got the idea and gave it to them. "An idea is strong, even if it does not hit like a hammer." They got that. "What is your idea of liberty?" The man with a "leetle American" gave me to understand that they believed it was plenty to eat and plenty of the things the body wanted and the heart desired.

"Would all these things be liberty if you had the smallpox?" They got that, by signs, words and pantomime. "No," they answered. "The doctor would bring you liberty," I said. "His hands are not labour-marked, he has strength." They got that. "If you were dying, who would bring you liberty?" They shook their heads, and pointing again at the priest on the poster, said, "Not him, not him." Then I pointed to the picture of Christ, asking, "Him? Him?" and myself exultantly cried, "Liberator! Liberator!" They got the idea.

The fine young man working with the British and Foreign Bible Society, at Port Said, had left some tracts with them, and I called for them and begged them to read these stories of the way to liberty.

Upon deck was a young Hindu, traveling with the Maharajah. I told him of my visit to the stokers.

and we had to turn aside, for he was feeding some ants, and thus getting rid of some Karma.

The pride, anger, envy, and other stuff or "matter energies" that flow into those forty-two channels making Karma, is called Asravas, inflowings. All the ills of life you could name are in this catalogue making up the Asravas. If Asravas, or life's ills, are coming to you in this life, it is because you were so horrid in the other lives you lived. So why help those in trouble, in anguish, in pain, even in death? It is what they have brought on themselves. Pity cannot live where this faith lives. There is no God, yet they never ask themselves, nor answer you, if you ask who keeps the Asravas running in the forty-two pipes and determines just how much ill luck is due to each living thing for their bad deeds, and who decides about taking Karma away and letting the soul finally into liberty in Moksha, the place of no desires.

Any soul who has crossed over the river into Moksha is called a Tirthankara. Twenty-four have crossed over and forded the river of the storm-tossed waters of this world. It took the first Tirthankara 100,000,000,000,000 palya to get to Moksha, and a palya is the time it would take to empty a well one mile square and one mile deep, if it were stuffed with fine hair and one hair was removed every 100 years. This is the way to *liberty* offered by one of the religions of India, called the Jainas. Yet we have thinking men in our colleges who speak in glowing terms of the religions of India! There are many who say,

“Let them alone; their own religion is good enough for them.”

Go, watch these priests walking about with a veil over their mouths lest they breathe in a living thing. Watch the believers refuse to break a clod of earth, because it contains life. Watch men and women, who have a right to real liberty, feeding ants and refusing to kill vermin. We know that whom the Son makes free is free indeed, and the world has a right to know it. The doctrines of the Jainas came to the people of India through someone preaching. The gospel must go the same way, and wherever it has gone it has set men free, gloriously, eternally “free from the law of sin and death.” “Whom the Son makes free is free indeed.” How thankful are you that you are free?

XVII
INDIA*

AT THE ALLIANCE INDIAN HEADQUARTERS

A. I. Garrison

A THREE hundred and sixty-three mile journey on a fast mail train from Bombay, the port of landing, across the palm-studded costal plain, up over the steep Ghauts—the range of hills separating the sea-skirting Konkan from the Deccan plateau,—and gently descending into the wide, fertile valley between the Nizam's tableland on the south and the Satpura range on the north, brought Mr. and Mrs. Rader, after a fourteen hour ride, to Akola, the headquarters of the C. & M. Alliance in India.

Here the sixty-one Alliance missionaries on the field at present, who had been in conference for several days, and a number of missionaries from other societies, were eagerly awaiting the coming of our recently elected president and his good wife. The Field Chairman, Rev. Wm. Moyser, at the first service after their arrival, personally introduced Mr. and Mrs. Rader to all present, calling out first the veterans with a record of over thirty years of missionary service, then on down by semi-decades to the

*At this point in his narrative Mr. Rader allows the missionaries he visited to describe his visit.

latest arrivals and visitors, and finally the lovely group of missionaries' children.

The three days which followed, though all too brief, were filled with rich blessing. Each service seemed better than the last, as Brother Rader, freshly anointed, brought messages which exalted our Lord Jesus, and brought us face to face with our need and His sufficiency. The brief testimonies and the brokenness in the prayers, showed how wonderfully God answered the heart cry of many a one through the messages. There seems a general conviction that a true spiritual revival is at hand, and that God is preparing His sent ones for greater usefulness and severer suffering than they have yet known. Indeed, by the unusual spirit of prayer which has been pressed upon many during the convention it would seem that God has already opened the door for a revival, and there are many adversaries. As Mr. Rader so graphically pointed out in his messages the open heavens at the beginning of the ministry of Jesus were the result of his prayer, for it was "as He prayed that heaven opened," and the open heaven was followed by the wilderness temptation. This is God's usual order in dealing with us. May He who has begun a good work in us finish it till the day of Christ.

IN GUJARAT

John R. Turnbull, Dholka, Ahmedabad

About three hundred miles north of Bombay, in the famine-ridden province of Gujarat, is situated the great walled city of Ahmedabad, which was the

scene of the attempted uprising in April, 1919. At that time, wild mobs took possession of the city and burned the chief magistrate's home, the telegraph office and other government buildings. Troops were rushed in by special trains, and martial law was put in force, resulting in about four hundred casualties among the uprisers, before conditions again became tranquil.

In this city is the home of that rabid agitator, Mr. Gandhi, the leader of the extreme Home Rule party. He it was who incited the uprising, and of late he has been again causing much unrest by his inflammatory speeches throughout the larger cities of the country. In many places the atmosphere is tense with a feeling that the white man is no longer wanted in India.

Into this city Mr. Rader came, after a most fruitful tour in Central India. His purpose was especially to see the work of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, of which he is the President. A large public meeting was held in the chief hall of the city. This old building dates back to the time when the city was the pompous capital of a heathen emperor, who flourished six hundred years ago. Here, before hundreds of people, Mr. Rader delivered a most stirring address from the very platform where leaders of sedition hold forth frequently in their harangues against the powers that be. Indeed, only a few days after Mr. Rader had left the city, an attempt was made to wreck the government college building by a mob of students who had been aroused by the speech of an agitator in this very hall.

What a contrast was presented in that auditorium—Hinduism and sedition, Christ and peace of heart! As Mr. Rader graphically portrayed the privileges of the Christian life, the intent brown faces before him may not have reminded him much of his great congregation in Chicago, but no American audience ever listened with greater interest than did that crowd in old bigoted Ahmedabad.

It was a great day for missions in Gujarat, and one missionary in the meeting was seen weeping, thinking no doubt what that message of Christ's power to save may mean in the lives of the far scattered peoples of this vast province. An Indian gentleman who was present, told the writer that he marvelled at the comprehensive knowledge of Indian religions evinced by Mr. Rader in his address, and he was even more fascinated by the simple, forceful way in which the speaker described the beauty of victorious Christian living.

Lives were changed that day and decisions and consecrations were made, which, we believe, will bear copious fruit in Gujarat as monuments to the man of God who so well uplifted, in heathen Ahmedabad, the Christ whom he recognizes as the only remedy for India's many ills.

Thirty miles from Ahmedabad, at the end of a little railway line, lies the old tumble-down city of Dholka, also visited by Mr. Rader. It was once a great prosperous Mohammedan citadel, and still makes a lot of noise with its cotton-ginning mills; but it is a place of narrow streets, repugnant odours

and innumerable dogs. In the early days of the mission, two veterans of the cross braved the smells and lived in a rented native house in the very heart of the city, in order to preach the gospel. Then came the great famine of 1900, during which three million poor souls died of starvation.

The missionaries in Dholka got some cheap land, about a mile outside the city, and began to rescue orphan boys, while a similar work for girls was carried on at another station. In a short time about five hundred boys had been rescued, and for several years were cared for until they were old enough to work for themselves. The effort on their behalf was not in vain. Most of them became Christians, and the majority of the mission's evangelists are men who once were little lads in the orphanage. A boarding school is still kept up for orphans from famines of recent years and for children of poor Christian parents. At Dholka is also situated the Training School for evangelists.

It is a great joy to see several young men coming forward, these days, who have a vision of their country's spiritual need and a desire to spend their lives in active Christian service. For such, the Training School stands as the door of preparation through which they may pass on into this glorious life of bringing others to Christ from among the myriads of surrounding heathen.

The writer had the privilege of meeting Mr. Rader at the little Dholka station, and of driving him up to our old tile-roofed bungalow in the "little green bug," as we call, our two-wheeled pony-cart.

What a joy it was to have the beloved president of the mission in our little whitewashed home and to talk with him about the Master's work in Gujarat! I can well imagine how soldiers in the trenches would feel upon having a visit from their general. He could stay but half a day, and so a meeting was called, soon after his arrival, in the little church, built chiefly by the self-denial money of orphanage boys, who used to go without a meal in order to have money for building this place of worship. It is an odd fact that the spot upon which the church is built was once a rendezvous for thieves, who used to gather here to distribute their spoil.

In Indian style, the people garlanded Mr. Rader, as a sign of welcome, when he entered the church, and during the brief service the congregation sat on the floor as comfortably as though ensconced in upholstered pews. A missionary interpreted for Mr. Rader, who gave a searching message on Christian service. At the close of the meeting, at least two dozen went forward to consecrate their lives to Christ. That was a glad day, and we believe the decisions made will bear fruit in the saving of many now dwelling in heathenism.

But the meetings of greatest interest were those held at Mehmabad, a central station, during Mr. Rader's last two days in our midst. Preparations were made to accommodate people from all sides. Tents for the missionaries and bamboo booths for the Indian Christians were put up in the mission compound, and the day before the meetings started, bullock-carts, filled with expectant Indian families,

began to arrive by every road. The services were held in the church built by a missionary who gave his life for the people in famine time. Day and night he ministered to the suffering, and finally dropped in the harness, but the church stands as a memorial of his labour of love.

About nine hundred people sat in long rows on the floor, and listened most intently as the messages were interpreted into Gujarati, either by a missionary or by one of the evangelists who understands English. No adequate description can be given of the scenes in those meetings in which the gospel was presented with Mr. Rader's characteristic fervour and glorious simplicity. Perhaps a quotation from "The Life of A. B. Simpson" will most readily explain the remarkable and thorough results which followed these services. In the chapter entitled, "A Great Legacy," Mr. Rader writes: "God is moving freshly upon us in power, with Holy Ghost directed *altar work* for clear-cut decisions and definite Spirit-filling. There is a great need for a revival in the Body of Christ. * * * We are going back to our old altar services, using the Word of God and keeping man's hands off the wrestling heart."

The ministry of a man who lives in such a spiritual atmosphere must necessarily be attended by spiritual results. Only the Holy Spirit can induce men to lay bare the secrets of their hearts in humble confession and prayer for deliverance. One of the first who sought peace at the altar was an evangelist, who, years ago, had fallen into grave sin. He had publicly confessed his sin before being reinstated as

a mission worker, but he had never recovered his happy, spiritual fellowship with Christ. "Oh God," he cried, "I am tired of myself; I empty myself before Thee. Fill me with Thy Spirit." He prayed in a torrent of confession and entreaty. Many other evangelists were on their faces at the altar seeking a fresh infilling of God's Spirit and the swelling choruses of praise that later resounded in the old church indicated that they and scores of others had met Christ and been satisfied. Several unsaved men went forward and found their way to Him who said: "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Many were impelled by the Holy Spirit to stand up and make public confession of sin. Repentant and sobbing, one after another would ask his brethren's forgiveness, and then a joyful, victorious burst of praise would sweep over all.

In the last meeting an appeal was made to the young men to volunteer for active Christian Service. Many came forward and shook hands with Mr. Rader, signifying that they were willing to go into training at once to become evangelists. That was a glad hour! Our hearts had been crying out to God for more men, and they have responded. When the new class in the Training School at Dholka begins, in July, there will be at least fifteen consecrated lives, eager to become efficient witnesses for Christ. They are not striplings but men who have for years been engaged in various pursuits—weaving, farming, shepherding, contracting, etc. All of them are giving up good worldly prospects to receive a bare living allowance, but they would rather have the joy

of the Lord and enough, than no joy plus "the cares of this world." Most of them are married, and several have children. One young man and his wife are selling all their possessions—house, patch of land, bullock, etc., in order to be absolutely free to follow Christ. Another man, also married, is leaving an excellent salary. He is the foreman of a weaving establishment, and is a man of real ability. His older brother has, for the gospel's sake, lovingly undertaken to assume all his business obligations, in order to set him free at once, and, if possible, the older brother will enter Training School next year. A few days ago I heard that three young women also wish to come for study in order to become Bible women and, no doubt, by the time the Training School reopens, the enrollment will be even larger.

I might close with an incident which seemed very beautiful to me. When Mr. Rader asked for volunteers and while the young men were coming forward, a man asked permission to make a confession. He was a former evangelist, who had given up preaching for the more remunerative occupation of farming. In tears he said he had tried to run away from God but had not been happy. He wanted to be taken back as an evangelist and asked the prayers of all that the Holy Spirit might constantly lead him in the will of the Lord. "I have two bullocks," he said. "One I will give to my aged father, and the other I will sell and give the money to the Training School." Sure enough, a few days later he and his wife walked over from their town, nine miles away, and we had a lovely little prayer meeting over

that bullock money, that the giver and the student who is helped by it may alike be endued by the same Holy Spirit who so abundantly used Mr. Rader in our midst.

A VISIT TO DARYAPUR

A. I. Garrison

Thirty-one miles due north from Murtazapur on a narrow gauge railway brought Mr. Rader and party near the foot of the beautiful Malghat hills to the historic city of Anjangaon, where in 1803 the peace which ended the second Maratha war was signed by Lord Wellesley for the British and Bhosle, the Maratha leader.

After seeing the site which has just been secured in this large city for building the mission headquarters for the work in the Daryapur country Mr. Rader was "whirled away" in an ox-cart to Wihiagon, one of the Alliance Mission outstations where a sabha, or convention, had been planned that as many as possible of the newly baptized Christians might have the pleasure of seeing and hearing him.

One of our lately ordained pastors, who is located at Wihiagon, headed the group of workers, Indian Christians and friendly Hindus who met Mr. Rader at some distance from the camp, and after garlanding him with jasmine and other sweet-scented Indian flowers, formed a procession headed by an Indian band. Amid the blare of trumpets, and the songs of praise from the lips of the new Christians, he was escorted to the tents under the thick shade of the flowering mango trees on the bank of a trickling stream. A tent of meeting had been arranged near

by the camp. The English word WELCOME appeared over the portal to an approach constructed of bamboos and adorned with vari-coloured paper flags.

Mr. Rader had opportunity here to see something of the camp life of the missionary evangelizing parties in India, as also of outstation work and village preaching. There were but three services, and several conditions prevented the large number of Christians expected being present, but to the small representative company who gathered, and to the interested Hindu and Mohammedan audience, God spoke through our Brother. An old and respected Mohammedan leader, the village head-man (a Hindu) and some of the leaders of "society" in the village attended every service. The night service was especially interesting. Beside the Christians, over 200 men gathered in the spacious court of the village rest house. The village head-man had sent a cryer through the streets announcing the meeting. As God's message came in simplicity and power through Mr. Rader in English and Mrs. Ramsey in Marathi it was evident that there was not only deep interest, but conviction upon some, and it was as surprising as unusual to see a score of Hindu hands raised at the close asking an interest in prayer that they might be saved from sin. Please pray that from among the higher castes of this village many may be saved. Thus far the more than 500 adults baptized and children dedicated in this Daryapur taluka are almost entirely from the lower castes.

Among those who came to the meetings was a young man of one of the higher castes from Anjan-

gaon. He was baptized several years ago, but after his baptism found that he would probably thereby forfeit his father's large estate, and feeling that the price was too great, he was willing to pay about a thousand dollars to be taken back into caste and to marry a Hindu woman. For some months he has been under deep conviction, not eating or sleeping properly. Mr. Rader seeing the man and learning of his condition took a deep interest in him. After prayer and help he made his decision to return to Christ even though he should lose all by doing so.

Four were anointed at the close of one of the services, one of them asking prayer for deliverance from the drug habit, and subsequent testimonies indicate that the Lord answered prayer for bodies as well as for souls.

A very simple marriage ceremony performed by Mr. Cutler between a widower and a widow from among the village Christians was witnessed by Mr. Rader just before leaving Wihigaon.

Three-quarters of an hour at the railway station waiting for a belated train offered an opportunity for a "platform meeting." As Mr. Rader spoke through an interpreter, the waiting Hindu passengers gathered and listened raptly until the train pulled in,—then he journeyed on back to Akola for the Sunday services.

AT THE KHAMGAON GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL

A. I. Garrison

A short time ago in some way several pictures of a bright, smiling face so attracted some little Indian

orphan girls that they cut them out and hung them on the walls of their rooms. Some of the wiser ones said they had been told that it was Paul's photo. The girls were delighted to possess so beautiful a photo of the great apostle to the Gentiles. It was only a few days ago that they learned that the picture they had so loved to look at was not that of Paul the Apostle, but of Paul Rader, President of the Alliance, who was shortly to visit them.

And when he came they recognized him. They were all dressed in their best, black hair neatly combed and glossy with cocoanut oil, and a smile of welcome when Mr. and Mrs. Rader were conducted to the platform of the neat little C. & M. A. Chapel at Khamgaon where the orphan girls, the child widows, child wives, and Christian girls have their Boarding School. Garlands of roses, puffed rice and bits of cocoanut were hung around their necks, and hearty words of welcome were addressed to them in the vernacular by one of the workers.

Two or three hymns were sung by the girls in English, followed by a motion song by some of the smallest girls in the school. Mr. Rader spoke briefly but most appropriately. Before the short reception closed the girls presented Mrs. Rader with a small parcel containing the dress and waist of an Indian girl, for her daughter in America.

The evening service probably few of the girls will forget. God used His anointed instrument to bring a message on the fruitful life, from the first Psalm, which without his knowledge of the special need exactly fitted the situation, and brought subsequent

testimonies of the fact that God had spoken. There was a spirit of prayer upon the assembly "like the sound of many waters" at the close of the address. Many came forward to indicate a definite desire to deal with God in prayer for a new life of fruitfulness and victory. Our prayers follow our Brother that wherever he goes God will speak to others through him as He has spoken to us.

VISITING A YATRA

E. R. Carner

Paul Rader did not come to India "to see the sights," for as he said, he can see those in the millennium. Yet we venture to say that he saw more of India and farther into her need than tourists ever see. It was to get God's vision of India's need and His immediate plan for meeting that need that he came among us. The writer had the privilege of being in Rader's meetings through a big day on Sunday, February 6th, in Akola, Berar Province, and of accompanying him that night on a visit to a big Hindu yatra (religious fair) which was going on at the time, some forty miles northeast of Akola.

The day in Akola had been a strenuous one for Mr. Rader but a glorious one for some hearts that found the way back to God, through the messages that fell from the lips of this servant of Christ. Three times on that day he preached to an Indian audience. Among the large company that heard him in the morning was a group of Brahmin lawyers, most of whom had probably never been inside a Christian chapel before. A little advertising got

them interested enough to come and listen and they afterwards testified that what this great preacher said was not theory with him but actuality. That is a big admission for a Brahmin to make about a preacher of Christ and it shows how convincing were the messages they heard. Among the ones who found their way to the altar after the morning message was a British official who came in beautiful humility along with humble, brown-skinned Indians to give himself in allegiance to Christ. In the afternoon and again in the evening Mr. Rader preached with convincing logic and in the power of God's Spirit. During the mid-day hours he was in prayer with a few of the missionaries and those who heard him talk with God could not wonder why he knows how to talk to men.

About half-past nine that evening he left the chapel and went to the railway station to start for the *yatra*. Even there he could not get away from the hearts that had been touched and convinced by his life and his message. Another British official followed him or, rather, went ahead of him in his motor car, a kind of modern Nicodemus, who took this opportunity of talking with him by night while he was waiting for his train, and who confessed his need of Christ and the fact that he was only halting because of the big price he would have to pay officially and socially if he were to let the Lord Jesus break his chains and lift him out of the ruts of his official life in India.

Then, the train came and Paul Rader continued his missionary journey thirty miles east to a mis-

sion station at Murtizapur. There he had about two hours' rest and at half-past two in the morning was ready to start on a fourteen-mile ride in a bullock cart, to the pilgrim shrine. The missionary at Murtizapur had done all he could to make the journey comfortable for Mr. Rader, but the missionary could not make a rutty, dusty, jungle road into a smooth paved one, nor could he turn the slow-moving bullocks into swift horses. There was no need of his doing so: in that rough ride Mr. Rader was apparently as much at home as any seasoned missionary would be and really enjoyed what was in some respects a reminder of the days when he had been a cowpuncher in the "jungles" of America. The Mohammedan driver had promised to get us to the *yatra* by six or half-past-six in the morning, that is, to make the journey in four hours—not a disconcerting rate of speed in these days of swift travel. The cart bumped along at something over two miles an hour in answer to the strenuous efforts of the driver with the bullocks, and after an hour or two it became apparent that we should need to reckon on more time for the journey than had been expected. But Paul Rader was not in the least perturbed, and settled down to this joy ride as calmly and contentedly as if he were rolling along a city boulevard in a Packard limousine.

After a few hours the sun popped over the horizon and chased away the stars as it has a habit of doing in India and it was broad day almost all of a sudden. The "white dust in the highways" appeared, giving

us a visual aspect of what we had been tasting all night. Then, a while longer, and we were at the *yatra*.

It is one thing to see a Hindu pilgrimage center and another thing to tell you just what it is like. Doubtless Mr. Rader will have something to say about his impression of it, and it is mostly our business here to tell you our impression of Mr. Rader at a *yatra*. Very calmly, with now and then an intelligent question, he walked through the piles of dust and clouds of dust in the maze of carts, bullocks, and people, right into the narrow, temporary streets at the center of this mass of heathenism, and up to the shrines where men and women, shivering in the chill of the early morning, were making their offerings of flowers, holy water and mumbled words, before the idols.

Perhaps a hundred thousand people were gathered at that place and they presented a picture of Hinduism at home. The camera got pictures of holy-men, lepers, worshippers, beggars, idols; and panoramic shots at the whole thing *en masse*. Mr. Rader's heart got pictures of the darkness, ignorance, hunger (spiritual as well as physical), filth, sin and death that are at the back of all such shrines; and vision of the power of Christ to wipe all such scenes from the face of the earth. He read in the faces and forms of the men and women the sad, black story of the slavery and cruelty of Satan, the story of mal-fed, mal-treated and mal-taught souls and bodies; and the story deepened his determination to be used of God to get the other story, God's story, to the

—ands of the earth quickly, and hurry up the coming of the great Emancipator, Jesus.

The journey back to the railway, at a different station, was only eight miles but it was made through clouds of dust and lines of carts loaded with pilgrims coming from everywhere to the *yatra*. As soon as we got well started we had our breakfast in the diner(!) en route, though the road-bed was bad in those parts and the bumping up and down of the wheels jolted us badly and spilled some of the tea on Mr. Rader's clothes, adding to his enjoyment of the meal of bread and butter and "bully beef" from an English can.

Again the bulls, a different team from that which had brought us to the *yatra* from Murtizapur, fell below the standard of speed required and therefore threatened to get us to the station too late for the train. This would have been bad for Mr. Rader's program and have shortened his work at other places by a whole day. Yet he did not try "to hustle the Aryan brown" but remained as cheerful and well poised as if he were already at the railway station waiting for the train. How beautifully he demonstrated in this the fact that the problems of Westerners living in the slow-moving East can all be met and handled by having Christ enthroned in the heart. He prayed quietly and the train was late by enough minutes to give us a few minutes of rest on the station platform. Then, Paul Rader was off once more on the next stage of his first missionary journey 'round the world. The Lord send him among us again and again if it be His will, and the time be not too short!

XVIII

SAINTS*

IHAD just turned away with one of the missionaries, from talking with a native convert, a saint of India, when I asked him, "What do you think of this Indian saint?" "He's a better saint than I am," was his quick, frank answer. "I wish I served Christ as faithfully as he does. He has sent me to my knees very many times."

If you are not sure that Christ can make new men out of old, and any kind of old at that, go to the mission fields and see His precious Spirit do the work.

I had asked the question of the missionary, outside the church at Mehmmodabad, in Gujarat, India, where we had just had a wonderful time with the Lord. I have been in glorious meetings in America and Europe, but none like this for heart-searching and spirit-melting. The service opened up formally enough, with floral gifts of bouquets and garlands about our necks, and happy brown faces and white teeth shining before us. No chairs, you know, no noise, everybody barefoot and seated crosslegged on the mats. Everybody sings (or tries to do so). The tunes are all scrambled and served in the form of musical (?) omelets. One man beats a drum, others

* Mr. Rader resumes his personal narrative at this point.

clap their little brass cymbals, while others keep time by the clapping of their hands. I was delighted with the drum and cymbals, and hand-clapping, because it drowned the attempt at a tune, and besides, it let everybody in town know you were having a meeting.

The meeting was thrown open for prayer—Amen! wide open—and many entered in and stayed in until the benediction. More singing, filled with praise. I can hear two words ring out above all the rest: "Ji," which means Victory, I understand, and "Ha Prabu," meaning, "Oh Lord!"

They introduced me to a smiling, big-mouthed, little black-mustached and tiny-bodied native Christian. He spoke to me in good English. We arose together. He read the word to them. I spoke, he spoke. I moved my arm, he moved his arm; I hit the pulpit, he hit the pulpit; I walked away from the pulpit, working my hands behind me; he did the same. He gave them my sermon, he gave them all I gave to him, he entered into all that I was, and we were both filled with the Holy Ghost. I felt like shouting, as I saw and felt him swing in the same spirit. This little man had spent much time in prayer that our spirits might both be under the control of the Holy Ghost. We were both channels, and the message flowed through. I ended with the altar call in just the way I would at home, and here they came. One man was crying aloud, now, in prayer, the moment his knees hit the stone floor, at the front. Others were following. Each was dealing, aloud, with God, as if no one were in the room but himself and the Lord Jesus. Over on their side the women were

doing the same. The Lord was dealing with me, and I forgot the meeting, as I cried my heart out to Him. Oh, how He met me!

One of the missionaries walked across the platform and down among the natives. Soon he found his men. There he was, down there, with his arm around a native's neck on either side of him. Weeping they were, all three of them, first in confession and humbling over a misunderstanding, then in joy and blessing and holy fellowship.

They continued to rise and come to the altar. The altar service had gone on, now, for an hour. Still they were coming forward. At intervals the interpreter stilled one meeting, while some man or woman publicly confessed the thing the Holy Ghost was speaking to him or her about. I almost held my breath as the interpreter told me the subject of their confessions. They were stopping at nothing, all was being confessed and cleared, and blessing was flowing. Here stands a man in brokenness of heart, telling how God called him to preach, but he would not go. Now he is saying, "I will go, I will give all the money I have to the Training School, and my wife and myself will go out into the harvest fields for souls." Then his wife got to her feet and told of God's dealings with her proud heart, and that she willingly laid it all down at Jesus' feet, glad to join her husband and go as the Spirit led. There is the foreman in the mills, where they weave the cotton crop of India. He fully surrenders to Jesus, he wants to go to the training school, and asks for prayer that he might adjust his business affairs and

preach this glorious gospel. O, how my heart leaped within me as I looked into his tear-stained face, while the interpreter told me what he was saying. The interpreter's eyes were wet, as he lifted his face from the floor to speak to me. Here was a man, fallen into adultery, his testimony gone, his name a reproach to the Lord in the village from which he came; but he stood there and unburdened his heart, in deep confession. No curious ears seemed to hear. They were keeping with him in earnest prayer, all about him. Now he was clean. "Ji Ji" comes the song, through their tears, "Victory, victory to Jesus."

A dear old man is asking for prayer. He is confessing that cowardliness has affected his testimony. Listen to what the interpreter says about him: "He is a high caste Brahmin wonderfully saved and worshipping with us low caste people. His caste almost took his life. He lost all his property and has a hard time making a living, but he witnesses daily for Christ, even though it brings added persecutions. He is afraid that cowardice has crept in lately, and kept him from testifying, to save himself the persecutions. O Lord Jesus, He's a better saint than I am."

Misunderstandings have been cleared up, sin has been confessed, and these dear saints gathered here from several of the villages of India, are enjoying the presence of the Lord in joy and blessing. "Ji Ji" comes again and again between the testimonies and confessions. The Spirit seemed to indicate that this was the time to call for others to volunteer to

preach the gospel and go to the Training School at Dholka, under Rev. John Turnbull's direction; so I asked him to explain and give the call.

We cleared the only spot available near the front, and some twenty-five answered the call. Of those, Brother Turnbull thinks twelve will be able to go into training this year. He works in India, too, and in India, too, by the same Spirit, he makes saints. "Ji Ji."

XIX

THE COMING CHANCE

LET us compare, in a measure, all the complexity of religious teaching in India, with the simplicity of the getting out of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and to look for the opening that will give India the coming revival.

Let me make two statements to start with: first, there is no religious literature for the masses in India. The common millions worship, they know not why. They have learned the how from others, and follow blindly, bathing, eating, pouring, bringing flowers, reverencing dirty, pitiable, naked, holy men (?), marrying horribly, suffering wretchedly. Compare this with our open Bible, books, books, books, Bible teachers. Second, none of the religions of India have any comprehensive system of education, and what patches they do use, called schools, are for priests—not people. Compare with this our theological schools, Sunday Schools, press, pulpit, teachers of the Bible, colleges, Bible Schools open to the common people.

Regarding the first statement, you will find that the books upon which the faiths of India are founded are, almost all of them, deeply hidden from the public and very largely from the priests also, for these books, together with the prayers of worship and the ritual, are written in dead language which a few

learned men *possibly* understand, if they translate correctly. Translations have been made, but you'll take long journeys before you can find one. I hunted long and hard before I could unearth anything, and so rare are they that I count mine a real heirloom.

The foundations, rituals and prayer of the Hindus are written in Sanskrit. How many men in America read Sanskrit? You can stop any priest, as he jabbers away, and you must not be surprised if he tells you he has learned what he is saying, by memory, and does not know what it means. You will be fortunate when you find the priest who can explain to you what he is saying, through a good interpreter. Jainas is written in Sanskrit and Prakrit. The Granth of the peoples called the Sikhs, is written in ancient Punjabi. The Koran, of the Mohammedans, is written in ancient Arabic. You can find translations of the Koran (not made by Mohammedans) into English, for inquiring Europeans, but I could find none which the man who only knew modern Arabic could read understandingly.

Avesta, of the Parsees—the Bombay merchant class, who, from the founder, Zarathustra, follow the teachings of the so-called Zoroastrian religion, we find written in Zend. The much talked-of (in America and Europe) Pitakas of the Buddhists are written in Pali.

From this array, one wonders how the people have ever been brought to follow the teachings they cannot read. Add to this the millions of ardent India worshippers who cannot read a line of any language,

and you wonder more. Go to a Catholic church in free America, ask the questions of the Catholics who come from their churches, that I asked of those heathen worshippers, and you have the same answers. It is all that great peculiar trick of the devil, where the blind lead the blind, and the thing men do not understand seems wonderful to them. I stood in the Catholic church in Bethlehem, Christmas eve, and marveled more at the mummery going on there than I did at the Yatri of 100,000 people, in India, carrying on their bathing worship in the dirty pools of water or lack of water. Heathenism in India is unorganized, and this lack of translations and understanding of sacred books is accidental; but in the heathenism of Catholicism in America and the world, the Bible is withheld by organized council, from the people.

What a sad array is this for the hungry multitudes of India who are earnestly seeking for something to satisfy their hunger! How silly the statement sounds, against this background, "I believe in leaving people alone with their own religion. Each man's religion is best for him." Even if India's faiths had anything to offer, at their heart, in those sacred books, remember, all the heart is withheld and the religious custom shell only is offered.

For instance, to ninety million people in Upper India, the sacred book is Ramazana, or the story of the incarnation of the God, Vishnu, in Rama. He was incarnate in eight animals and two men. It is after the order of a poem, relating the recovery of his wife, Sita, by Rama, when she was stolen by the

arch-demon, Ravana. Rama is aided, and victorious, through the help of the monkey god. Think of having a Bible teacher open the book of John in comparison to this story hidden in ancient language and surrounded by awful rites!

The sacred book of the cult of Krishna, the other Avatara or incarnation of Vishnu, is Bhagavad-Gita. In it Krishna says of himself, "Though birthless and unchanging of essence, and though Lord of born beings, yet in my sway of the nature that is mine own, I came into birth by mine own magic. For whensoever religion fails and lawlessness uprises, I bring myself to bodied birth to guard the righteous, to destroy evil-doers, to establish religion. I come into birth age after age." At his birth, the earth, relieved of all iniquity, the sun, moon and planets, shone with unclouded splendour, and while he resided in the world he had 16,000 wives, and by his universal form and these wives begat 180,000 sons. Radha is his chief mistress.

Those who can read the ancient languages tell what they like to the people. Can you imagine the store of stuff in the minds of the poor people of India, leading to the most horrible of rites? Think of all this hidden foundation of the devil's mess of maggots, compared with an open Bible clear and clean, with our Christ of holy life, love and joy! Oh that we, at home, might be grateful to God for an open Bible and teachers giving their time on public platforms, in conferences, in pulpits, to open it to all. I blow the stench of India from my nostrils, clear my throat of its filth, and cry with blood-

washed throat, "Thy Word is a lamp." Praise God for men who are lifting it up where it can give light!

Second, the marvel is that with no system of propagation these religions have covered the land. With no literature in the hands of the common people, and no religious system of missionary and teaching work, the result calls for explanation.

Dr. Taraporewalla, of Central Hindu College, estimates that "ten per cent of Hindus understand *something* of Hindu philosophy, and this by chance, for ninety-five per cent of Hindu children have no training whatever concerning the teaching of their religion, but caste rites compel certain religious observances."

(a) The Buddhists have their monks to do a little educational work, but it is very rude, taken from any standpoint, and is only to a few. Their preaching, which could not be understood by children, is nothing regular, as we know preaching, but is rare in point of time only.

(b) The Jainas possess monks, who teach some also. But their great work is to study to save their own souls and not to bother teaching others how to save theirs. Neither of these has any system of propaganda, in fact are not at all anxious to increase their numbers.

(c) The Mohammedans have no organized works or clergy. They have a keeper of their church building or mosque, and he is a combination of sweeper, duster, cleaner and preacher. He calls out from the minaret five times a day, but, for the most part, he is ignorant and does little teaching.

There are moslem schools, or the schools of moslem children, but their religion is not systematically taught.

(d) There are millions of *outcaste* "Submerged classes," who are without the walls of religion and without religious teaching. One of our American traveling scientists, a student of India, said of these, "There are the outcastes and the animistic tribes who are too low for Hinduism to touch. It is from these that Christianity is making the great bulk of its converts. They are the prey of superstitious fears and ignoble customs, the slaves of impulse, with no defense in public opinion or cultured self-control against various forms of vice and temptations to which they are exposed. To make anything of such people might well seem hopeless, but many a missionary has wagered his life on the outcome, and the result is that all over India, in jungle and in city, a transformation is being wrought in the dregs of Hindu society, which none but the Christian missionary has dared to hope for.

(e) The Parsees have priests whom they keep, business-like, on salary, and let the priests' wives make and sell the sacred cord, but the priest is not respected, and such superficial externalisms as are practised by those priests are not systematically taught to Parsees in general.

(f) The priests of the Sikhs are good backsheesh getters, and spend long hours reading or memorizing out of the ancient book, but teaching is not in their line.

(g) There are teachers (gurus) among the

Hindus proper, but they peddle tales and superstition mostly, and do not teach in any systematic way, their faith.

(h) The Brahmin priests are lazy, good-for-nothing, proud and very ignorant. They very seldom understand what they are repeating when they pour their water rites. They take their pay for putting cow-dung marks on the foreheads of those who come to them, and unspeakable other things. Here is no systematic teaching.

At a recent reform meeting of some two thousand Brahmins, the papers gave the account of the things discussed: "The Shastri education of Brahmin boys and priests, The preservation of the Hindu institutions, including the Maintenance of Hindu temples, excavation of tanks and preservation of cows (religious), greater dissemination of Hindu ideas and religion," "Preparation of Hindu religious text-books." This is probably the first time such things as text-books for religious instruction were ever mentioned in public reformation meetings. Even this was not a religious meeting that mentioned it.

Contrast all this with the Sunday Schools, papers, books, preachers, teachers, and open Bible and Bible societies in our own land. The question now comes, naturally, that brings my conclusion: If India is saturated with heathen religions, without a system of propaganda, with no centralized nor organized priesthood like Catholicism, with sacred books closed because of being printed in dead languages, *where is its great hold?* It is in the caste system, which has adopted certain religious customs, with these

sacred books as foundations, which must not be stopped or broken at the peril of becoming an out-caste, and maybe of death. Caste is going down before modernism, secular education, industry, government and bolshevism. It is going soon, and the religions of India will lose their hold. In that hour the outcastes, who are now fast coming to Christ, will give the gospel to India. They are now the despised Joseph in jail, but they will feed the spiritually hungry in the big famine.

It is the business of Christians to give these Christian outcastes the best of preparation in Bible training schools. Go to God in prayer for them, send more praying missionaries to them, that they may be ready for India's great hour. It is coming soon!

XX

TWO THINGS THAT ARE!

OH, India! How little I dreamed it had such depths of darkness, called "Philosophies" by our modern professors. But the "habitations of cruelty!" By our God who knows! I little dreamed the devil could so bind and fetter a race and put its feet in the stocks. Every way I turned there was a caste fence or a custom fence with a "no admittance" sign. "But God" has broken them down and gotten for Himself a body of saints precious indeed and prepared for His coming. O how my heart rejoiced to meet those dear members of the same Body of Christ! How their hallelujahs thrilled me! Never have the praise and testimony of any people touched me as these touched and moved me soul and spirit.

God has gone ahead of us like a lovely nurse before a newly walking child. What a wonderful booking agent He has been. When all the passages were gone, on the steamers, each time He had one reserved in His name for us. Here at Colombo it was the same. At Bombay we could hear nothing but reports that no passages could be had until March, though we had been applying for six weeks. We came to Colombo, in faith, and were told, on arrival, that no berths could be secured on the *Admiral Ponty*, a French boat sailing February

19th. Then came a wire that there was space in the first class for a man. There followed another wire that the space was for a lady—not a man. The booking office told us that others were ahead of us for even this one passage. "But God" had a saint, Mr. L. F. Foucar, in the office of the company, who owned the boat. He had telegraphed to our last meeting place to see if by any chance we could come to Colombo and give the saints there a service. The answer to his wire was that we had left Bombay for Colombo, desiring to get passage to Saigon on the *Admiral Ponty*. Those who wired knew nothing of Mr. Foucar's business. He simply had a ticket made out for us at once, putting Mrs. Rader in the first class space and me to sleep on deck in a chair. When we reached our hotel there was a message to call a Mr. Foucar.

He came to the hotel with the tickets, took us aboard the ship, had a talk with the Captain, and here we are. I am delighted with the deck. I got two lovely steamer chairs and now I cannot make Mrs. Rader sleep in her cabin. She sees I have the best of it on the deck, so joins me there. He goeth ahead!

I have met many missionaries of many kinds and many denominations, and seen something of their work. Two things (that, after analysis, are really one thing) have impressed me deeply on the field so far; first, the wonderful results in the work of the missionaries who are people with real prayer life. It is instructive indeed, to the wise, to see the strong spiritual converts from such a life of intercession.

By real prayer life I do not mean the sort of a saint who talks much of prayer and has an exclusive sort of monk existence, giving people the "go by," but the kind that passionately loves souls and takes off his coat (figuratively speaking) and plunges into prayer for them, like a rescuer of drowning men. He talks face to face with God until Satan's chains are loosed. Then he talks face to face with men *close up* about God, pleading as earnestly for God with them as he plead with God *for* them.

These men and women of the prayer class have not usually been clever, but they have a wisdom from God direct. Another thing, they were each contented, and all but one, as I remember now, have had great trials. These men and women are the spiritual fathers and mothers of wonderful native Christians—Christians at whose feet I would gladly sit and learn more of His meekness and lowliness. Boiled down, this is what the mission field, so far, has proved afresh to me: travail, soul travail, brings spiritual children into birth at home and on the mission field. I also noticed that these missionaries had those on the home field to whom they wrote, who joined them in this travail.

Second, while I had supposed there were many problems on the mission field, yet I have found but one. This problem is to get missionaries of prayer, such as I have described, onto the field. When such men and women are found, they find God and men, and between the two they solve their problems. Any man who lacks in prayer finds not God nor God's men. He schemes, he becomes discouraged or a

cynic. Not wishing to be called a failure, at home, he sets his teeth and stays on the mission field, making the best of it. Men and women like this break your heart as you meet them, and Oh what a joy to bring them a message to stir their faith and send them to their knees and face to face with the Lord to whom is given all power, both in heaven and on earth!

The devil's great fight, on the mission field, is to drive men and women from the trenches of prayer. Twice as many things work on the mission field toward this end as work in the homeland. 'First, the loneliness, denying the missionary those seasons at prayer-meeting in mid-week, or times of special meetings, or on Sundays, when, through the message of the preacher, light comes that leads to new faith and fighting courage; then, the lack of fighting friends near at hand who could cheer and comfort. Next, the long season of seed-sowing without harvest—the harvest of new-born babes that so cheers the labourer. Next, bodily weariness. O how Satan gains advantage over tired bodies, and worse—tired dispositions, worn with the heat, worn with the journeys, worn with cold, poor food, wretched sleeping places. If a prayer life of real faith is not present *what can you suggest as a remedy?* O, they must have *a glorious prayer life* if they come to the field. You *must see* that it is the great need of the mission field: *men of prayer*. Can you not see how easy it would be to slip into religiousism, educationalism, industrialism or agriculturism unless the prayer life predominates? Next, no Aarons and Hurs exist at

home to hold up their hands in prayer on the field. Often this is because they had no circle at home to whom they were known in prayer. Those who go to the field must so walk before the home circles that prayer predominates in the memory of those who know them. We always pray for those with whom we have prayed. Men of prayer draw to them people of like passion. If friends forget, in prayer, those who have gone to the fields, then it never was a prayer friendship.

Yes, these two things are one thing, and that one big thing is this: *Men of prayer is the great outstanding need of the mission field.*

The whole Christian Church needs, in this day of social service atmosphere, to have the air washed, and to hear again this mighty truth to Christian warriors: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of this world darkness in the heavenlyes." Remember, these men and women who are prayer warriors come to the field only through the work of prayer warriors at home. The command runs back along the lines to the home end, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will thrust forth labourers." *Men! Men of prayer! We must pray them out!* They must come in great numbers. Let's start a prayer campaign for them!

XXI

ISLANDS OF THE EAST

WE left Columbo in a tub. Whatever else Admiral Ponty was, after whom they named this boat, he must have been round and fat, and of the barrel type.

It was hard to leave the island of Ceylon, a veritable flower garden, a tropical greenhouse out of doors. We had come down by train through India, and crossed over by water to this land. The trip was about the same as the journey across the English Channel, and is made on the same kind of greyhound boats especially built for excessive rocking. The idea seems to build the boats, so that it is impossible to stay on deck. You are sure that all forces and plans have co-operated to produce certain seasickness; at least, we saw no one who was escaping this despotic nausea. They say that seasickness is good for one. They say the same about a boil, but the seasickness comes to a head sooner.

Round the shores of Ceylon, beautiful, sandy beaches offer their wide bosoms as a playhouse for countless thousands of bathers. There is relief for the traveller in the island from the intense heat, offered by the high mountains which stand aloft to welcome you up and away from the hot, steaming climate of the lowlands.

Here, in Ceylon, the men partake still more of the

looks of ladies. They allow their hair to grow long, tying it in a knot at the back of their head. The crown of the head is encircled with a lovely tortoise-shell comb, which is worn on all occasions. Otherwise, these natives look very manly and certainly are as fine servants as are offered to the travelled anywhere in the world.

We backed out of Columbo bay, a beautiful, sheltered area of water, filled with ships from every climate and manned by men of many tongues. The calls of the sailors, one to the other, was very unique in this multitude of languages. Even the Chinese junks and Japanese fishing vessels, with their varied coloured sails, were standing about among the ships like flocks of colour, put there by a landscape gardener for artistic effect. These, with the background of deep blue water and palm-covered hills, presents a novel picture which caused a lingering longing for the tropics, as we steamed away.

The ship was crowded, as was also the air. Language, words, more words, expressions, voluminous, lively, illuminated by smiles and sparkling eyes. What I mean to say is that we were on a French boat, and the lovely French language was striking our ears from every direction.

The sailing hours brought us closer and closer to the Equator. We were heading for Singapore. There was very little difference in temperature between night and day. My bed and berth was a steamer chair placed on the north side deck. Mrs. Rader had gotten the only available berth, but the heat soon drove her from her berth to occupy a like

chair at my side. The French custom seems to call for a pajama and kimono parade on deck in the early morning hours, a cup of black coffee, some hard toast, and a return to bed until near noontime. Then one arises and dresses for the day, and comes on deck to shake hands all around, having shaken also all around before retiring. Some of the pajamas, with their great silk sashes, were very artistic and beautiful, and certainly the most comfortable suit one can wear in the terrific heat. The decks were so constructed as to allow one to dare to go without his helmet, which is a great relief.

Supper time was a free season of festivity for those who drank. It seemed that all on our boat carried that habit with them. We were strangers in a strange land, for the carousing and the drinking put a wide gulf between us and our fellow-passengers.

As the Malay Peninsula begins to come into view the flying fish and the porpoise vie with each other in entertaining you. You recall the word painting of Kipling:

"Come you—back to Mandalay,
Where the old flotilla lay,
* * * * * * *
Where the flying fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder
Outer China 'crost the bay."

We sail between the Malay Peninsula and the island of Sumatra. Here is rubber in countless acres in the hill country, and a great wealth of tin. Oil is also here, with plenty of gasolene. It seems that Singapore would be a good place for Henry.

Ford to do his manufacturing, with tin, rubber, and gasolene in abundance. The ship goes in and out of countless islands, as we come in close touch with the equator and around Singapore, this great southern port. Limitless seems the harbour as you view it. Surrounded by gorgeous little islands, it is as beautiful as the inland sea of Japan, losing some of its beauty because of the heat. These little islands call in most tempting welcome to the travellers who lean over the side of the ship after a rough passage from Ceylon. They almost coax you to jump from the ship's edge and land on solid ground, surrounded by moss-covered rocks, intertwining ferns and vines, and overrun with a dozen varieties of tropical trees. Flying fish dart about the boat, making you feel that you are on a fairy ship, sailing in the land of poesy. Suddenly these fish slip from the water. There are a few streaks left on the water, where their dripping bodies started the ripple. There is a burr of wings, a sudden streak, a little splash, and you have seen flying fish. You have time to say, "Oh!" and "Ah!" but not even a camera chance at the shape and character of the bodies.

Each island as you come into the district of Singapore seems the last. Each shades the bay from view, until, finally, your vessel noses its way between two little bodies, and the bay bursts upon you. Everyone exclaims. The one exclamation is, Look at the ships! It is the number of them that shocks the eye. They are everywhere about you, a multitude, a seething fleet, like moving, screeching sea-gulls on the wing. However, there are no sea-gulls here.

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Black crows take their place. They cannot light upon the water, but their scavenger tricks are remarkable, as they dip and circle about the ships for the bits in the water.

XXII

INDO-CHINA

IT is the Chinese that greet your gaze, as you come alongside the dock. It is into the Chinese city that you go. Here is your first view of Chinese coolies and rickshaws waiting on the dock. Oh, yes, there are rickshaws in Ceylon and India, but no Chinese coolies. Here the coolies stand, calling to the passers-by, offering to pull them up to the city. Five minutes of a trot behind coolies, and you are in Chinatown. There is just enough of a change from the real China, both in houses and mixture of other races, to give it the look of our San Francisco and New York Chinatowns, rather than a real town of China.

These Chinese are merchantmen, astute business men, all of them having come around the bends of Indo-China and made their way down, probably an island at a time, doing business as they came, until they landed at this port.

A brief stop, and we are off for Saigon, the great southern seaport of Indo-China. Three more days, and we are sailing up the Donai river to this city. It seems hardly possible that a river so narrow can be big enough to take the big ocean-going vessels, but the great rivers of this peninsula are great heads of water, cutting deep channels to the sea. The tide

runs far up the river and must be considered upon entering. The delays are hard, when you know that on the pier at Saigon stand your noble missionaries, the group that, less than a decade ago, braved the newness of this land, the devil's opposition, and went in to be the first to carry the gospel to these sixteen millions of Annamese. On our vessel were many home-coming French officials and, as we drew near the dock, we could see the throngs under coloured umbrellas waiting to give royal welcome. A ship arrival is a society event in Saigon. The equipage, dresses and toilettes rival Paris itself. Soon we were able to distinguish our own missionaries. When all the suits are white and all the helmets are the same shape and white, it makes it difficult to distinguish your friend from the excited waving crowd. We stood waving long before we could recognize our friends, and then, suddenly, a little group was distinctly seen. Many were the salutations before the gang-plank was lowered, and we could come ashore. Mr. and Mrs. Jaffray, all the way from Wuchow, China, ran up to welcome us, together with the young missionaries who had so recently come into this new mission field. Then there was Mr. Olsen, in charge of our work in Saigon. He soon had our luggage into a rickshaw and we were following the hot-foot pace of the pulling coolies along the quays to the city. Seven years ago, this young Olsen came from Norway to Minneapolis. There, he mastered English until every "J" was a "J," and not a "Yay." He finished his Bible course at Nyack and came to South China. After a little study of

Chinese, he was appointed to this field, and threw himself at once into the study of the language. In this time he has mastered French and Annamese, and has undertaken the translation of the Bible into Annamese. This is hero work for the Lord. Beside the language work, he has opened this Saigon station, where is a native church and a native preacher, pushing forward to get the gospel to this great needy people. Our missionaries never cease to be grateful to God for the kindness shown us by the French officials in allowing us finally to enter this closed land.

God wonderfully used Mr. Jaffray in making trip after trip for twenty years knocking at this closed door, until, finally, he found the French official who would hear his pleading, and the permission was granted. At present, the Alliance is the only Protestant society working among these sixteen million of benighted heathen.

Of all the glad surprises to the traveller, the French colonies are the greatest, and nowhere are they greater than in Indo-China. Saigon certainly is the pearl of the South Sea, as well as "the Paris of the East." The streets are broad; the sidewalks, as well as the curbs are of cement, flanked by great, gnarled, oak-like looking trees, whose shade is abundant. The buildings are all of the finest material and of the latest architecture. The streets, while not paved, are of splendid dirt and sand, and are kept clean and smooth by thousands of hands of the Annamese.

Like Paris, Saigon's wide sidewalks beneath

canopies are filled with tables where the crowds gather for liquor, eating and watching the passers-by.

Rice fields are everywhere, and between these rice fields run the most wonderful roads, upon which I have ever ridden. On either side of these country roads, are great, towering trees, with overhanging limbs of dense foliage. In places, interlocking limbs give perfect shade for mile upon mile over this smooth roadway. You can get in as fine a French machine as you could hire in Paris and ride for three days without a bump; even when you circle hills and climb mountains, you are still travelling on perfect road-beds.

There was a splendid exhibit at the World's Fair in San Francisco of the products of Indo-China, but the half could not be told. One cannot help but exclaim, "This is a land of luxury." Saigon is a sample of beautiful French cities in this land. Even beautiful botanical gardens are open to the public, and the public buildings, such as the city theatre and the Bavornois Palace Cathedral, are chefs-d'oeuvre of architecture.

Hanoi and Saigon quarrel with each other for first place in beauty. Everywhere are signs of lavishness and luxury. The French have made this a veritable paradise. No cities of California or Florida are half so immaculate or so beautiful. I am not now speaking of the native cities, but of the cities made by the French government, in which the French themselves live. The natives are allowed to come up to the edges in all these French-built cities.

Strange to say, the Chinese are the merchantmen.

On the southwest edge of Saigon is a city of eighty thousand Chinese, all doing business in Saigon. When we walked into their stores and Mr. Jaffray, who speaks most fluent Cantonese, came in and greeted them in their mother tongue, their delight was childish, their immobile faces turned to smiles. They told us of the splendid conditions under which they were allowed to do their business and the wonderful opportunities that had been given them by the French. A visit to this Chinese city will show those who are studying world problems what the Chinese can do, when they are properly governed. The marvel to all students of China is that China has been able to exist at all under her robber system of government. Here under the French each Chinese belongs to an "organization" which is responsible to the government.

Our mission home is in a large French-built house, which we rent. The great need in Indo-China is that we own our own buildings in all our mission stations. We own our buildings now in Harnoi and Tourane, but we should have our own building at once in Saigon, this great and important seaport. The great land of Cambodia, farther to the north, is not yet open to the gospel, but it soon will be, and Saigon is the base from which to enter this now unoccupied land.

It is a delight to those whose hearts are touched by the privations of the missionary to know that, in missionary work here, our missionaries do not have to do their own household labour. They would be willing to do it, but for very little expense the

natives can be hired and taught to cook and take care of the home as the missionaries desire it. It is a cause of real thanksgiving when you find this out, for it gives added time and strength to the missionary for real gospel work. This is after he learns how to keep the cook from feeding all his relatives from the white man's larder.

Our first Annamese meal was a novelty. It was a cross between a Chinese and an Indian diet. The hot parts are the India ingredients, and the gravy is Chinese. The real sauce, however, is the joy of looking into Annamese faces as you eat, and knowing that, at last, after two thousand years, the gospel has reached them, and that hearts have responded.

The Annamese are a very gentle type of Christians. The new-found liberty in Christ Jesus makes them, it seems to me, the most thankful of Christians. Gratitude and expressions of thanksgiving are the major part of their testimony.

The lizards whistled and crawled about the walls, as we ate, but this was nothing. One is supposed to take them as part of the scenery. They are catching mosquitoes and gnats, while we sip our tea. That is their special prerogative. Their long, slender tails, flapping about the ceiling, are not supposed to make any difference in the taste of noodles.

To look at the natives as they serve you is not very appetizing, for their teeth are all black. All the natives chew a beautiful betel-nut leaf, combined with a touch of lime and other ingredients beside which a coal black coat of lacquer is painted over the teeth. A blood-red juice comes from this betel-nut

leaf, when properly chewed with other substances. Thus the highway and sides of the huts are adorned. Their faces trimmed with these crape-like teeth and their lips red with the betel juice look like a murder scene at an open sepulchre.

The betel juice has a peculiar effect on the women's mouths, drawing them back and open and eliminating all character lines. It is only the very young girls, who have not undertaken this habit, who have any signs of beauty. Because of this custom and because of the dress, the men and women look more alike than any race you will find. They knot the hair into a chignon at the rear and wear about the same clothing. The pants are white and come to the ankles, a black tunic to the knees is the only other piece of clothing. Barefoot they can sit in perfect contentment listening to you preach for hours. For they delight themselves by playing with their toes, as you give forth your message.

The well-to-do wear shoes, always perfectly new ones. The ladies coloured slippers. The masses wear none, and the black and white clothes change to a washed-out blue, like our overall goods, washed, patched and re-patched.

Just across the great public square from the depot, Mr. Olsen has rented a chapel. Above this chapel lives the native preacher and his wife with the young colporteur. The hall is jammed at every service with crowds of the curious standing about the door, only held in check by the colporteur, who must keep down the noise.

One of the graduates of our Bible School in

Wuchow, a young Chinaman, felt the call of God to the Chinese who live in Indo-China. He came down with Mr. and Mrs. Jaffray from China to open up work in the Chinese city of 80,000 adjoining Saigon. His is, indeed, a splendid missionary heart, and, already, he has found a place for a chapel and a place to live and some who will be glad to come to the gospel service. This Chinese work is entirely self-supporting. He came, supported by the Chinese Christians of Wuchow, and soon we trust there will be a large body of Christians in this Chinese city of Saigon, who will thrust some of their young men forth to the great islands of this south land, where multitudes of Chinese are living, untouched by the gospel. What a rare privilege and joy it was to tell out the beauties of Christ and the wonders of His salvation to the crowds of Annamese who gather in this little chapel. Mr. Olsen interpreted for me, and the eager faces drew out my whole heart. At last, in this great southern section, there is a beginning, and He who has begun this good work will finish it.

You must know something of the history of this land of sixteen millions. In your study of geography, you probably passed it by as the southern end of China, but it is not China nor are the people Chinese. The great race of Cambodians, still untouched by the gospel, are Hindus without any mixture of Chinese blood, and yet far different in their characteristics from Hindus, as we know them. These Cambodians are anciently known as Khmers, who inhabited the upper delta of the Mekong river and country of the Great Lakes. The Thais in-

habited the upper reaches of the Mekong river. The Tchams, of whom I will speak later, occupied the greater part of Annam, until driven to the hills from their land by the Annamese. The Mois were the aboriginal people of Annam. They are now divided into tribes, and inhabit the hill country. I will speak of them also later, but here let me make a plea for some young men who will go to them with the gospel. Our stout-hearted missionary, Mr. Oldfield, from Southern China, has gone after some of these aboriginal tribes through the southern border mountains of China. These aboriginal tribes must be reached also from the northern border of Indo-China.

The Chinese, as I have said, have made their way into this country first by conquest; then, after being driven out, have returned as merchantmen. We have therefore the great Annamese people, the Cambodians, the Khmers, the Tchams, the Chinese called Caichu (or uncles), and the aboriginal Mois, to whom the gospel must be preached in this land.

Tonking is the northern province of Indo-China; Cochin-China is the southern section of Indo-China, while the great provinces of Cambodia and Laos are on the west. Coming from the mountains of Tibet is the high Yunnan plateau. This plateau is flanked on the southwest by the Mekong river, and on the northeast by the Red river. Waterways, such as the Song Cai and the Doriai rivers, are plentiful throughout this northern empire. Remember that Burma and Siam flank this great country on the west.

The Annamese language is divided into two dialects, the Tonkinese spoken in the province of Tonking in the north, and the Saigonese spoken in the province of Cochin-China in the south. There is much discussion as to whether these are the dialects of one language, or whether they should be considered two separate languages. Our missionaries are forced to use them as if they were two separate languages when preaching, but, in writing, they are considered one. However, we have decided to translate the Bible into both Saigonese and Tonkinese, to make sure that the natives thoroughly understand the Scriptures.

Some of the provinces of Indo-China are owned outright by France, while over others France exercises a protectorate. The Emperor of Annam reigns at Hui (pronounced Whay). He reigns with the help of regents and the chief council of the kingdom, called the Comat. The Resident Superior of France, however, who is the real ruler, sits as President of this Comat. The natives are in government administration but are under the direct control of French officials. In each of the ten provinces of this empire sits a representative of France to govern the province, called a "Resident de France." The Resident Superior has direct charge of these provincial officers.

At Hui, customs and manners of the Annamese mandarins, or great men, are best preserved for the student. Here the royal palace and especially the tombs are most characteristic of the early days of

pomp. They also represent the standards of Annamese architecture.

The Annamese descended from the Giao-Chi, meaning a separate big toe. This is still a characteristic of the Annamese race. On many of them, the big toe extends far outside the line of the foot, and with it many skillful tricks can yet be performed. This toe characteristic can be traced back to remotest antiquity.

In the third century B. C., it is stated Loc-Tuc was sent from China to govern the Annamese. This seems to be the first history adduced from legend, and China ruled here until 698 A. D.

The thought and religion of the Annamese, as well as the ideas of the ruling class of mandarins, was all brought with Confucius from China. The national spirit seems never to have been lost sight of among the Annamese, although they were so cruelly oppressed by China. Many heroic rebellions are recorded. There is a great story of a woman, Tru'ng Vu'ong, who proclaimed a sort of Fourth of July for her Annamese people for a space of three wonderful years in a B. C. period, driving the Chinese from the country. In the middle of the tenth century, the Chinese were driven out completely, and a national Annamese dynasty established, called the Vinh. The Chinese later conquered again, and ruled in unexampled severity. At last came a great deliverer, a poor Tonkinese fisherman, by the name of Le Soi, who, so muddled history states, received a miraculous sword from the Genii of the Little Lake at Hanoi. He was proclaimed King, and his

dynasty, known as Le, occupied the throne until the end of the eighteenth century.

Combined with the Annamese in the driving out of the Chinese were the Tchams. These Tchams were really the greater race and were representatives of Hindu civilization. The Annamese, under Thanh-Tong, the ruler of the Le Dynasty, with two hundred and sixty thousand men, almost exterminated the Tchams. The Tchams have left behind them most remarkable ruins of temples and of tombs. Many of these Tchams have survived and are to be reckoned with in the race problem of Indo-China. It seems pitiful to run on to these surviving relics of this once noble civilization, now degraded and mixing freely with the savage and Mois tribes.

The historical connection of the Annamese with France is most interesting. I have not time here to go into all the details of history. Their first contact was in 1787 with Louis XVI. King Gialong of Annam sent to France at the suggestion of some priests for protection. His plea to Louis XVI was that his three brothers were trying to take his crown! With the help of France, he was able to hold on to his head adornment and also grasped more securely his lands. This king was succeeded by Ming-Mang. He broke off all connection with Europe and threw himself full length at the feet of China. From China he accepted an investiture. There followed a terrific massacre, led by Tu Duc. France and Spain both interfered at the time of this massacre, and Saigon was taken as a French possession. This was in 1861. The next year this Tu Duc surrendered the

whole of lower Cochinchina to France, and within six years all the remainder of Cochinchina became French territory. During this six-year period, the king of Cambodia, Norodon, placed himself under French protection. Cambodia still occupies this position. Nothing was left now but the northern province of Tong-King. It was left to the genius and skill of that splendid French statesman, Jules Ferry, to add this province also to the protection of France. Several times it was taken and lost in battle, and many heroic feats of armies must be placed to the credit of France concerning it. The affair ended by destroying the Chinese Yunnan army, while that of Kuong-Si was driven across the Chinese frontier. There were sea battles about this also. The Jules Ferry ministry fell in France, but the treaty was gotten through with China, which recognized the sovereignty of France in this southern territory, and France began here to rule over these sixteen millions of peoples.

The forts were occupied, the coast defended, customs and finances were put on to a sound footing. A great era of public works, railroad building, and education were inaugurated by France.

XXIII

SEEING ANNAM

LEAVING Saigon, Mr. and Mrs. Jaffray, Mrs. Rader and myself started overland by auto to Tourane, where the Alliance ten years ago gained its first foothold and later established its first station. On the way, Mr. Jaffray and myself dropped into an Annamese city, just outside of Saigon. We were conducted by one of our native Christians to the home of his father. The father was a typical Annamese heathen, and his home and customs offered an opportunity for a close-up view of home life. His son was a tailor. A tailor in Saigon is a speed artist. He can guarantee to make you many summer suits within twenty-four hours. I was sadly in need of something very light, and availed myself of the twenty-four hour service. The Annamese tailor measures you and does a good job of fitting, while the Chinese tailor takes away an old suit, and makes a new one "all samie." "All samie" it surely is, for, if there is a patch on the old one anywhere, it will certainly appear on the new one. If there is a rip that has been mended, the new one must be ripped and mended "all samie." He is a very exact workman.

This young tailor led us to the door of his father's home, and, after introducing us, disappeared to join

his mother. The father had a beard. While Mr. Jaffray talked to him in Chinese, which he understood, I sat and counted the hairs of his beard. There were not enough to keep me busy, so I had to repeat the task again and again, while they jabbered on.

We took a hold of our hands and shook them up and down nicely when we came in, while the old man shook his long finger-nailed hands in the same manner. His bow was very low and profound, oft repeated, as was ours also. Tea was served as soon as we were seated. Here was a chance to drink tea and let some one else do the talking, while I made notes of the house.

I took speedy advantage of the opportunity. The room was about twenty by thirty. The floor was of common brick tile. The chairs were all straight and narrow, made of hard, dark wood, set with mother-of-pearl. His coffin, the most treasured of Annamese possessions, was the most conspicuous piece of furniture in the room. While I gazed at it with its exquisite carving, I thought, what a good hope-chest it would make for a splendid trousseau. There is a saying in Annam that the dead govern the living. This is literally true. The influence of dead ancestors is far greater than the influence of any living relative. Of living relatives, the oldest paternal and maternal relative has the most influence. Therefore the coffin, which is to hold the next dead ancestor, is a great feature in the life and custom of the people.

Religious sorcery and superstition are greatly

mixed together in the Annamese mind, and, with the exception of the influence of dead ancestors, religion has no effect upon conduct. An Annamese will worship indifferently at a shrine of Buddha or at a Taoist pagoda. Only the distance from his home or the money involved determines his choice. On the same altar, in many a home, Buddha, Confucius, Laotseu, the founder of the Taoist religion, will be worshipped. Spirits and genii hover about the Annamese constantly in sleep as the active powers connected with ancestor worship.

In this home of the old man, the altar was situated directly in the back and middle of the room, facing the entrance door. Here was an image of Buddha, and some caricature of Confucius. On either side of the altar, made of a little wooden table, were slabs of carved wood. The carving was a saying of Confucius in Chinese characters. The character, as you understand, is more than a letter of the alphabet. It carries with it the idea as well as the sound. There is a character, for instance, for home, another for god, another for man, and so forth. These are copies of Chinese.

The Annamese language is now written in our Roman letters, and the sounds and characters spelled out as best we can make Roman letters sound forth the Annamese tones.

If this altar were a pagoda, there would be a bonze, or priest, officiating. He lives on the alms of the people. At the home altar, or in the pagoda, the oldest living male member of the family does the sacrifice. Women cannot do it. The peasant makes

the sacrifice, not only to his ancestors, but to the spirit of his buffalo, of his work basket, and of his tools. There are altars also beneath the trees about the village and on the hills, or hanging from some prominent limb or hidden away in some peculiar rock, crevice, or cave. At these altars are always placed red paper with silver and gold characters on them. When sacrificing, the native burns the taper, and brings flour or some food or clothing. In these various places they sacrifice also to On Kop, which means "My Lord Tiger." There is also sacrifice made to the wild elephant, which roams about in Annam. This making sacrifice at various altars is called "Lais." In India, this same service is called "Puga."

It seems too bad we have not a word like this for churchianity folks, called Christians, in America, who have never been born again, but expect to be taken to heaven, because they paid pew rent, attended service, and were faithfully present at the oyster suppers and the like. It is just as hard to get the native Annamese to quit doing and to believe that it has been done by Christ, as to get these native Americans to quit their heathenish doing and believe and rejoice in the finished work of Christ. Thank God, many, many of these Annamese are rejoicing in the finished work of Christ. I heard them rejoice, and wept with them in their praise.

There was a little sacrifice left on the altar before me. The son afterward explained to me that this was On Kop. The old tiger, says the Annamese legends, can become an old woman at fifty years of

age and, when he is one hundred years old, he ~~can~~ become a beautiful maid, very ~~dangerous~~ to her admirers.

The dead body in Annam is quickly buried, for unburied people become terrible spirits, inflicting revenge upon many generations—another reason for an early coffin. All ceremonies must be carefully performed, lest departed ancestors become peevish and act rough with their posterity. The law compels members of the family to be present on all anniversaries of parental deaths, and especially the celebration before Tet (the Annamese New Year).

On the day of a ceremony to ancestors, the old man pours three glasses of wine at the altar, saying words to this effect: "I respectfully invite your presence, great-grandparents, grandparents, parents, uncles and aunts, to this reception, which your descendants humbly offer you with all their hearts." He prostrates himself before the altar, as do the others, and, during the pause, thinks of himself as with his ancestors. What he says is strict ritual.

We were told by the old man, whose whiskers I counted, that his next oldest ancestor had lately passed away. The son came back in the room long enough to answer a few questions, especially about an Annamese funeral. The coffin is purchased any time after middle age. When an Annamese is dying, a piece of silk is laid upon the chest. Into this silk, the soul is supposed to pass. When the party is dead, this silk is taken and placed in what is called the "Chariot of the Soul," which is a tabernacle varying in size from two feet square to about four.

It is made of silk or thin paper, is painted either with coloured caricatures, or festooned with dragons or the likeness of sacred animals. In the funeral procession, this "Chariot of the Soul" is near the front in the parade. At the grave this silk within the chariot of the soul is rubbed on to the tablet in front of the grave, where is inscribed the person's name, date of birth, and other data. When the silk touches the tablet, the soul passes into the tablet, and the silk is buried somewhere as the village sorcerer may designate, but never near the casket. Women are paid as official weepers to go along with the procession. They are given sticks to support themselves against their overpowering grief, or coolies are put on either side of them to hold them up in their sobbing. The family, however, does not sob. Accompanying the weepers are the tom-toms and clarinets and several Chinese violins. These lead the procession, followed immediately by the "Chariot of the Soul," which is borne above the heads of the coolies on poles. Following this is the altar, on which are family heirlooms, perhaps some ornaments or vases. This is generally followed by a picture of the dead man, painted by an Annamese artist. Upon a sort of a raft the coffin is placed. The whole is borne up by the coolies. To throw a bite to superstition, the coolies keep the bit of wood in their mouth to help them in carrying this burden. The master of ceremonies stands aloft on this raft or coffin platform. At his feet sits a glass of water. Not one drop of this water is supposed to spill. The coolies must keep perfect balance of their burden. This

master of ceremonies makes himself very important by yelling and howling his orders to the coolies. Finally, he offers the bearers a bribe, starting with ten cents and running to a dollar, if they will bear their burden without spilling the water.

The relatives follow dressed in white, even to white turbans. The ends of the trousers are frayed, to signify they are mourning.

After the death of the father, the sons cannot marry for three years, so the law says, whether they obey it or not. It also states that, if a son is married, he is not to have a child for the same length of time. The first portion of the father's wealth is called "The Portion For Incense or Fire." This goes to the eldest son, to make sure of keeping up the ancestral worship. Next in inheritance comes the wife of first degree with a large portion for herself and children. Then other wives and their children respectively.

The old man, our host, sipped his tea and talked away, but none of his wives were introduced to us. They kept back out of the way, according to Annamese custom. If his sons should wish a wife, the custom is as follows: The engagement is handled through a go-between, a relative always in the villages, a hired professional in the large cities, who keeps track of families and of eligibles. The young man is sent to the home of the girl, whom the go-between selects. The young man does not speak to the girl, but asks the parents for their daughter. If it is a poor family, and he obtains consent, he is taken at once to live in their home and is recognized

as a son-in-law. If he is a young man of wealth, he returns home, and his parents send their boy's name and birth on a red card, and the go-between receives the same from the girl's parents. The soothsayers are then consulted to see what day would be propitious, and if the birthdays are congenial. In case the ages of the pair can be criticized, the soothsayer is left out of it altogether. The go-between then fixes the wedding day and the parents increase their ancestor worship.

On the betrothal day, the young man offers betel and areca nuts, bracelets, coloured silks, a pair of red tapers, two cups of choum-choum, or rice alcohol and a little roasted pig. He is accompanied on this occasion by a group of relatives or village chieftains.

The wedding parade is very gay and picturesque. The costumes are of the richest, overspread with the ever-present parasol. The parasol is not ordinarily used by the poor men, but always by the upper classes. The peasant's hat resembles a wide and slightly convex basket. It is held on top of the head by a supporting bandeau beneath. The top rim is all of one slant, and extends out even with the shoulders. A string beneath the chin saves it from the frolic of the breezes. The wedding ceremony calls for a turban. This turban is creased in a multitude of exact folds, and is very neatly done, making an exquisite head-dress, far more artistic in its finish than the loose turban of the Hindus.

The wedding procession is led on by flute players. The first assembly is in the yard, and then in the

house surrounding the altar, where the two red tapers are lighted. The boy prostrates himself before the altar, then goes to the girl's parents and offers wine and betel-nuts. His father then reads a list of the presents. In another room is an altar dedicated to the gods of marriage. Here are lighted tapers and burning incense. The couple are taken into this room, where all the parents wish them a long and prosperous life, and ask that they remain united until death. It was here that the wife formerly raised her veil, and the husband saw her for the first time, but now the custom demands that she prostrate herself four times before her husband, and he prostrates himself once before her. The bride and groom then exchange cups of choum-choum. This is followed by a banquet.

At the betrothal day, there is a ceremony also among the well-to-do. There is an Annamese proverb, "The *gia te ra*," which means, "the wife is an equal." This is startling, indeed, to a world traveller, who has seen woman in most places through the world greatly degraded in rank below the man. It gives food for much thought in dealing with these Annamese people. Indeed, the place of the Annamese woman is a very unique one. She may keep her maiden name after her marriage if she chooses.

There is a way of breaking the engagement, but those who are untrue to the marriage vow have the punishments meted out to them. The man who marries his parental aunt is liable to immediate deportation, and the man who marries his brother's widow will be strangled to death. If the wife is untrue to

the husband, the husband is allowed to cut off the heads of both the man and the woman. Other offenders have been crucified together, that is, both nailed on to the same gibbet, their mouths even joined together with melted rosin. These atrocious punishments now are mostly done away with.

The poor man has but one wife. A king may have any number. A mandarin or leading man may have four or five. Travelling merchants generally have a family in each town. Here his wife becomes his steward or his agent. His first wife is Vo-Chank (or wife of the first degree). All the others bow to her. No man is allowed to get a divorce from his wife, if they were married as poor people and made money together. Here is a law showing the great advantage given to a woman in Annam.

The Annamese men are all more or less educated; even the poorest peasants can word a petition. All the little boys attend primary schools, but, while there is no law concerning it, the girls, according to custom, are not sent to school. Therefore, except in the case of the king's daughters, the women are not educated. Yet, in spite of this, they are far more clever than the men, carrying on most of the business of an Annamese family. They do all the buying and selling at the market place. No men are seen around the market place, where the family fortune is made, except the boys and chefs who work for Europeans and must needs come to the market to buy supplies. There are very many self-educated women, carrying large business enterprises in Indo-China. One of the large silk works is entirely han-

dled by a woman, while some of the station agents along the railroad are women. Many wives of the tradesmen are more clever than the men at their tasks. The wily Chinese merchantmen choose these brilliant Annamese women for wives.

The wives of the wealthy mandarin are useless, except for beautifying themselves. They do not even nurse their own children. Their babies are brought up by a wet nurse. They polish their nails, bathe their bodies, paint their faces and teeth, and adorn their hair with ornaments, learn Annamese music, practise smiles in the mirrors, and play cards. Playing cards is their heaviest work. Jealous fussing consumes much time in the mandarin household among the wives. The Annamese proverb reads, "Where is the pimento that is not peppered? Where is the woman that is not jealous?" This should be hung in every mandarin household.

The Annamese have a peculiar sense of beauty. The part of the human body that seems to elicit the most admiration seems to be a red or pink and naked heel. The Annamese woman's foot may be encased in a beautiful slipper, but the lovely heel must show, or blush, as they say. The other parts are the eye which must flash and smile, and the eyelash which must be delicately curved.

They have three things put together as a proverb: "Mat-phung," which means "the eye of an eagle;" "May-tan," which means "the eyelash of a silk-worm," and "Got-son," "a heel like red ink." This is the proverb of beauty.

There is very little crime among the women, and



their heroic actions for husbands when exposed to danger have been chronicled by the poets. She can beat her husband smoking cigarettes, but she never eats with the men unless necessity forces it.

In spite of the position of the Annamese women, you would have thought that this old man's house, our host, was a bachelor's apartment. A servant boy came in quite often to light the old man's pipe, but no one else appeared. When we had jabbered away and sipped many cups of tea, we arose to go. The old fellow bowed us out nicely and then walked with us quite a piece down the road.

Though not willing to believe on Christ himself, he greatly appreciated the change that had come in the life of his boy and was very seriously considering what it all meant. The Jesus doctrine was new. The young accept the new, and the young cannot speak to the old in Annam as they do in the rest of the world. Some old man must teach this father.

Along the automobile roads, as we traversed the hills, were stretching acres of rice fields as far as eye could reach; at times, we could see nothing but rice fields. This is a remarkable fact, when it is known that every sprig of rice has been hand-planted. Think of a wheat field where wheat is as thick as rice, and every wheat sprig hand-planted. They irrigate up hill instead of down. The land next to the river banks is smoothed with a slight pitch away from the river toward the back far corner. A water-wheel is placed in the river and propelled by treadmills attached to the wheel, on which a dozen Annamese walk the livelong day. This

lifts the water to the height of the water-wheel into this first rice bed. Another water-wheel is placed at the sump hole in the far corner. Another level of smooth ground farther up hill is established, and the water-wheel takes it from the sump hole and again lifts it the distance of a new rice field level, and so on, as far as the farmer cares to go with the land-levelling task. If the farmer cannot afford coolies, he makes his sons or wives or daughters use the water-wheel.

Then there is a water-shovel made of platted grass or slit bamboo. It is in the shape of an ordinary shovel, with sides about four inches high, but it is about five times as long as an ordinary shovel. There is a long handle to it. Just below the handle on the shovel sides, strings are attached which are fastened to a tripod, a little higher than the water-wheel would stand. The shovel is forced through the water with a swinging motion, which throws the water up on to the rice field. Being suspended by cords, the weight of the water does not enter into the workman's task. It is a push and pull swing, and two or three of these shovels will keep a steady stream of water flowing into the rice fields. If the farmer has but a little plot, he simply dips the water out of the pond or creek with a shovel about half the size and without the aid of a tripod.

In one little corner of the field all the rice is planted. It is rather a hothouse arrangement. When it is grown sufficiently high for replanting, the field is covered with water until the soil is deep mud. Into this deep mud, and water, the farmer

drives his buffaloes, pulling a native plow, and the land is thus plowed. When it has been turned over, a small boy takes the oxen, fastens them to a harrow, and makes them drag him about the field, while he stands on the harrow, balancing himself by the aid of the oxen's tails. When the field is smooth all the family and hired workers take up the green rice sprouts and set it out in rows. These oxen are the great water buffaloes, tremendous creatures with horns measuring a foot longer than any horns of the old-fashioned Texas steer. The horns are sometimes six inches wide at the head, each horn making a perfect half circle curve backward to a point. The horns are ribbed like those of an old goat. This great animal weighs probably five hundred pounds more than any of our American cattle, and is very wide across the hips. The tail-bone slopes away quickly from the hips, leaving a great space on the back just in front of the hips where the little boys from five to ten years of age, who herd these buffalo in dry rice fields, can lie down and rest themselves. They can be found fast asleep, curled up on this flat of the back. Through the heat of the day, these little buffalo shepherds sleep under the shade trees, while the buffalo find a mud wallow and cover themselves with slime. When the evening hour comes, there is a shriek of these little fellows and a time for fun. They gather at the river with their buffalo, and the big fellows plunge in to clean off the mud. You would think they are a school of crocodiles; only the big snout, horns and line of the backbone can be seen above the water. These little

buffalo tenders rip off their breech cloth and run from back to back of the buffalo, or force them to swim out still deeper, while they hold on to their tails. This is followed by the evening meal. Groups of the family squat about the big bowl of steaming rice and smaller bowls of fresh bits of vegetables. In other bowls are portions of fish, either fresh or smoked. These bits are dipped into a condiment made from fermented fish water called "Nuoc-mam." It is encased in great barrels and finds a prominent place in the village, where it is smelt long before it is seen. This stinking condiment flavours all the fish and meat of the Annamese, just before it enters his mouth, to be followed by bits of vegetable and great quantities of rice.

The Annamese never use their fingers in eating, but are careful with their chop-sticks. If there are no chop-sticks, they will find some bits of wood to use instead.

Along the roadsides at intervals are "trams," or stations arranged by the French government, where travellers may rest. Around these "trams" where the mail is relayed, and where the carrying coolies are relayed, the French have built splendid hotels, and have subsidized them, to make sure that there agents and the foreign traveller shall find every comfort, and more than he can find at the average hotel in Europe. Here are lovely brick hotels. The cuisine is regulated by the government through Chinese cooks. Here are bath-rooms and showers. All the sleeping rooms are provided with mosquito nets, so essential in this land. Our missionaries are never

allowed to sleep without them. There can be no malaria for the person who keeps free of mosquito bites. Every bedroom seems adorned with a great bridal veil over the bed, but it is only mosquito netting. It was a decided luxury in this land of tropical heat to find these wonderfully appointed "trams" at just the necessary intervals.

Around them also are lovely French homes, government headquarters, and a fine French hospital, where the Annamese may find help as well as the traveller. Schools are maintained in all villages and cities of the Annamese. Teachers are all native teachers. This gives a great opportunity to our missionaries. None of the precious time of these men and women of God need be taken in training the intellect. They go directly at their God-given task of preaching the gospel, as soon as they learn the language.

The Annamese are very poor, but already they are progressing well with self-support in their native churches.

The villages lie thickly along the roadside. Mat houses with thatched roofs stand one against the other as if land space was very limited. The front door opens up, not out. Two bamboo poles hold it up through the daytime. There are no floors to the village house. The dirt is sufficient.

Somewhere, near the centre of the hut, is a low table about four by six feet. This serves for an eating place, card games, and, at night, for the spot on which the people lie down for rest wrapped in their mat, their head and feet exposed. Sometimes,

the mother with her babe sleeps in a hammock and the father on the bed.

The old man is the last to go to bed. He lights his tapers at the ancestral altar, brings the chickens into the house, the pig and the dog, and pulls down his two bamboo poles, crossing them through the door, making a secure Yale lock to all his possessions.

The houses closest to the road use this low bed through the daytime as a show-case for their goods. One may stop most anywhere and buy a green cocoanut from which he can drink the sweetened water. This is a very novel drink to the traveller. It is not yet milk, but only a fruit water. The missionaries become very fond of this drink.

In the rice fields about the village are mounds, where rest the bones of the ancestors. Farther back, on the hills, are the tombs of the natives, and on the highest peaks of all are the ancient temples of the Tchams. The remaining Tchams are grouped in villages about the city of Chaudoc, which city was recently opened by one of our new missionaries. These people are also in the villages around Phan Rang. It seems hardly possible that they once owned all the country from Saigon to the north of Tonking and West Siam. These people now worship unknown deities whose names they cannot remember, though they were originally Mohammedan and Hindu. At Nhatrang is a very beautiful temple of these people erected to the ten-armed goddess Po Nagar. It sits on a great hill overlooking the river and a wonderful sweep of the bay. A

Sanskrit inscription of the third century is on one of the stones, and proves that Brahminism was then the prevailing belief of these Tchams. This ten-armed goddess does not bother the Annamese. They have taken her in and use her freely, even if they do not know her Hindu name.

The trees about these temples and tombs are magnificent. The same varieties are kept alive also in the Annamese villages. There are the great cocoanut palms and the areca nuts, which grow very much like them. These nuts are chopped up by the natives to chew with betel leaf. The soft stems from which the leaves spring make good salad. There is sugar cane, of course, for young and old in abundance. In the fields are grown tobacco and sweet potatoes. There is the enormous leaved Caladiums, the tuber of which makes great pig feed. There are cucumbers and pumpkins. There is the manioc, with palm-shaped leaves. There is the tapioca plant. There is also the shaddock tree, with fruit like a great green orange or bauna tree with jaks fruit as big as a football. There is the flame flower running riot until it makes you want to shout at the widespread yards upon yards of the flaming flower. They run to the top of a tree and flame forth in reddish gold. In the fields are vines or trees of the bougainvillea, trained like a dragon or a sacred animal or a rooster. The house colours fall in rather a dull way with the colour scheme of the flowers and trees. Only the rich man's house is of brick and coloured. The stone seems to be saved for the pagoda and the tombs, and the finest views of the country are given

to these also. In these temples at times is quite a display of colour from octagon-shaped lanterns, and there are the gongs and carved bells and painted dragons, red paper with the silver and gold characters. The door of entrance is sometimes carved ornately, and the slab outside is carved with caricatures of Buddha and sacred animals.

In the swamps about the city, as evening gathers, a marvellous fairy world breaks forth to the music of a seeming million frogs. The fireflies, instead of darting about as they do in our swamps or meadow lands, cling to the trees or bamboo shoots. For some unknown reason, all the flies on one tree will light up at once, and you cannot find who turns on the electric switch for this phosphorescent display.

Running wild through the jungles on either side of you as you drive on these magnificent highways are peacocks, snipe, quail, barking deer, jungle fowl, rabbits and many kinds of pheasant. Wild elephants can be found, and a tiger hunt is great sport for the European.

While pulling the automobile out of the mud at one detour, I got a taste of the red ants. Their acid sting is fierce and fiery. Our road was perfect, but some of the bridges had been washed out, and we were forced to detour in three different places. The moment the auto went into mud, it seemed a hundred coolies burst from the bushes. We went back to one little village to get some rails or boards to pry out the auto. One old women there was very free with her advice. She seemed like a wise old owl at that. They call these old women ba-gia. Some of the

younger women were getting ready to go to market and were kissing their babies good-bye before leaving them. The Annamese kiss is a strange one. She takes her naked baby in her arms. Of course, it is naked most of the time. She sniffs its skin about its body with great affection. The perfume of the flesh seems to please more than the touch of the lips. She need not worry about its food, while she is away at market, for the ba-gia will feed it. She will chew up some of her meal to a nice paste in her mouth, and feed the baby until its little stomach is noticeably distended. This beats the robins. The children are wonderfully well behaved, for the older people watch them constantly. The little girls and boys from five years old and up bear about all day long a baby astride of their hips. They can run across the road, play games with great speed and never change the baby from their hip. The way the mothers are treated, when they bring a child into the world, makes one wonder how they can ever survive or how the little ones ever live.

The mosquitoes keep the children's bodies covered with itching spots. Their little heads are filled with festered sores. The Annamese think these scabs are signs of health.

We were stuck in the mud at each detour. Our Annamese chauffeur had never driven a car on anything but a perfect road. I suppose he thought it would even travel on water, for he dashed into the mud as if there were no possibility of being stuck, and, even after twice being pulled out, he dashed into it gleefully again, before we could stop him.

When we were all up to the hubs, we removed the ladies from their seats and piled the baggage out on to a dry spot.

Mrs. Rader had been suffering most of the afternoon with great indigestion pains, which in reality came from gall-stones. I was wading through the mud up to my knees, when I looked to find her writhing in agony on the banks of a rice field. I held her to me and earnestly looked to God in her behalf, believing Him for His own life for her. I saw that we must get her to some place of comfort at once. I asked Mr. and Mrs. Jaffray to take charge of her, while I stood by the stuff and endeavoured to make a bunch of coolies do a bit of lifting on the automobile. It was hard to let her leave me, but I committed her to God and to the tender care of Mr. and Mrs. Jaffray, who supported her on either side and made their way slowly down the road toward a native village some five miles away. It was already dusk. The darkness would be upon us in a half hour. Mrs. Rader's courage and faith were inspiring, so I rushed to the work.

I said all the Annamese words I knew to arouse the coolies, but finally I saw that everything must be done by myself and dear Mr. Olsen, who had come with us from Saigon. I was never more surprised than I was at the strength of Mr. Olsen. Where these missionaries get their strength, only God knows, but Olsen, though a very slender man, threw himself in like a Hercules, and after much filling with block and pole, we were able to pry the back

wheels out of the mud and build a roadway of plank beneath the car.

I was in my bare feet, with the last plank laid, everything ready for the car to move, when I stepped with all my weight and some added baggage which I was carrying. I stepped not on to the plank but on to a rusty nail which extended through it, running it far up into my foot. The mud in which I was walking had been walked over by thousands and thousands of Annamese feet, and germs were plentiful. Evidently, many varieties went up into my blood with the nail, for fever and swelling commenced almost at once.

We loaded the baggage into the car, and were off for the village. We had barely started, when a coolie came running back to tell me that I must drop everything and hurry to my wife. I found her down the road over half a mile away, very weak and in great pain. We threw ourselves into prayer and soon she was relieved enough to allow us to carry her to the auto and take her into the little village.

In this village, some years before when Mr. Jaffray had made his exploration trips into Indo-China, he had been entertained by a Cantonese merchant. To the home of this same merchant we made our way, trusting God to give us an opening. No Annamese would have dared open his house to us and, at this hour of the night, no Chinese would have cared to open his doors and admit us into the bosom of his family.

We found the house, and I could tell at once by the cheery smile of the Chinese who greeted Mr.

Jaffray, that we were welcome guests. It seemed they could not do enough for us. To meet a man from their native land who could use their mother tongue as Mr. Jaffray could, which was even better than they themselves could use it, was cause for great hilarity on their part.

We soon had Mrs. Rader as comfortable as a Chinese kahn could make her. As she grew better, I grew worse. One of the Chinese boys saw my muddy condition and provided me some water and showed me to a stone house outside, where I could throw the water upon myself. The leeches in the mud had sucked me in a score of places on my legs and the rocks had scraped my feet, but the hot water felt like a mother hand soothing a baby.

Our party was soon asleep. If I could have found anything on which to prop my leg, I could have gone asleep also, but the pain would not give way.

Our dear old Chinese host was very late this night in going to bed. He plied for sometime between Mrs. Rader's bed and mine to give comfort. I simulated sleep as best I could to force him to retire. Soon, he was lighting the tapers before his Chinese gods and snuggling down for the night.

The throbbing of the blood in my leg produced intense pain as the hours passed. The mosquitoes were covering me with their poison kisses. It was a problem whether to endure great pain by putting my foot to the floor and hunting for a cover, or to endure the mosquito bites, fill up with malaria, and save the pain in my leg. I decided to take the pain



and started searching for a cover. All I did was to scare our host into sudden agony, for he sat bolt upright and shivered, looking into my face, as though one of his ancient ancestors had suddenly appeared. I told him in perfectly good English that I desired a mosquito net. So, he immediately ran to the cupboard and got me a cupful of some bitter liquid and pantomimed me to drink it. I did not have the heart to tell him that this was not a mosquito net, nor had I the language. So, I took the cup and drank the peace offering. I found out that it had the effect of caffeine. It kept me wide awake. I suppose the idea was that it would stimulate me in my efforts at swatting mosquitoes the livelong night. You can well imagine then, why the malaria hit me a little later, in order to keep my blood-poison company. It seems against the rules in China to have but one disease at a time.

Mrs. Rader soon fell asleep, and the next morning was sufficiently relieved for us to continue our journey. I sat up in the seat with the driver, where I could keep my leg propped up on the wind-shield. The blistering sun was a great relief to the throbbing pain. I have noticed through ten years that the devil gives ample opportunity for the practice of faith to those who believe in divine healing. It was a great joy to fight along in faith. I knew an element had entered into this fight of faith which really kept my prayer from being a real prayer of faith. I was struggling. I did not know it at the time. I was to have it revealed to me in a beautiful way later by the blessed Lord. Oh, how He loves to

train our faith, like the sweetheart who loves to hear the words, "I love you," whispered oft into eager ears. So our blessed Lord delights and revels in our words of faith, and He makes sure that it is real faith, not just words that sound like faith and emotions that feel like faith. Pure faith has not the least trace of worry in it nor any sense of fear, nor eager suggestion. I was rushing forward, telling the Lord as I prayed that I had to finish this missionary journey on time, that I must reach Tourane at the appointed hour for the Indo-China conference. I was telling Him how important it was in this new great missionary enterprise of Indo-China, to meet all our new pioneer missionaries and catch a vision of the needs in moving forward.

So, I say, there was struggle, and not real faith, as I fought on hour after hour in my pain. Pain is nothing, if pure faith can emerge from the testing. The testing and the pain brought vividly to mind a beautiful memory of the time at Winona Lake some years before, when blood-poison attacked this same leg and I, who believed in healing, was called upon by the Lord to be publicly tested. That was a glorious victory, when, on the third night, I walked into the pulpit without pain, healed by His hand alone. "He will heal me again," I said to myself.

We arrived at Tourane. Mrs. Rader was better. Mr. Jaffray took down at once with terrific pain in the kidney. I was no better, but managed to occupy the chair and open the conference. That night, the swelling reached its limit at the hip, and great relief came. The danger was past. The fever subsided,



though the foot was still very tender and swollen and the open wound poured forth its poison from the leg.

What a glorious welcome they gave us, this splendid group of first Annamese Christians at Tourane. Never can I forget the beautiful heavenly-lit face of the native pastor, as he made the speech of welcome. At the close of his speech, the roar and bursting of fire-crackers was deafening. It was a typical Annamese reception. Great long bunches, six feet long, were tied to the tree limbs, and the popping, spluttering, flaming crackers, in machine-gun time, gave their myriad-tongued welcome.

When the Alliance entered Indo-China, the Lord provided a lovely French-built bungalow and compound for our work in this strategic city. In the compound we have a great tabernacle built like a native house of bamboo and matting. Our missionary in charge wished to gather a great crowd of Annamese, to whom I might speak, and, in characteristic American style, he wrote out the advertisement on the hand-bills thus: "A Feast of Good Things." Of course, he meant it spiritually, but they took it stomachly, and stamped us. To have fed the mob that came, would have broken the bank of any missionary station. It gave opportunity, to many preachers. Each missionary mounted on a box could preach to as many as his voice could reach, beside those that filled the mat tabernacle. If any one feels that all earth's work has been done, I wish they might experience my novel sensations as I sat before

an Annamese crowd in this tabernacle and preached the gospel. Just think that here were only a few of the millions of men and women, after these two thousand years, since Christ's death, who, for the first time, have been visited by missionaries of the gospel. Sewing machines have girdled the earth, and without lacking agents to sell them. Oh, how slow the body of Christ has been to fulfill His last commission.

The soft eyes of these gentle and kind-hearted people look up at you so tenderly. You scarce feel like raising your voice, lest you frighten them away. It reminds one of the soft eyes of a deer peeping innocently at a hunter in hiding. One must always be careful in looking into humanity's eyes, noting the varied racial characteristics. He must not emphasize in his mind what these people by nature are, but always bear in mind what our glorious Christ can make them. As I heard their testimonies and saw their glowing faces, I was forced to shout to myself, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God," and I threw accent into the "we," with no distinctions.

The conference was a delightful gathering of young folks. It was a glorious house party with Jesus as the Host. None of these dear ones feel themselves old enough to take the responsibility of chairmanship; so they make Mr. Jaffray, who is chairman of the South China field, remain as their chairman also. This is a heavy toll on his time and strength, but the Lord is making him wonderfully equal to the task. In the conference were three en-

gaged couples, and, I am sure, their being allowed the privilege of meeting their loved ones at this season was greatly appreciated. I am sure it was an uplift to all of us, who watched love signals around the conference circle.

To look out at the sixteen millions who know nothing of Christ and then at these eager, earnest young faces of the circle, to hear them pray, to know their history, and their calling, is to feel that Indo-China truly is to get the gospel and get it from these dear young hearts in the fulness and power of the Holy Ghost. Youth, beauty, health, talent, time, love, money, ambitions, all laid at His precious feet for the evangelization of Annam.

Mr. Jaffray was well enough to travel at the close of the conference. We bade Mrs. Rader and Mrs. Jaffray good-bye, and, together with Mr. Olsen, we turned our faces toward China, taking the open road to the north. We left our wives to go by boat to Hong-Kong, while we took the rough route overland, planning to enter South-West China over the border from Annam on the upper reaches of the West River. The railroad ended at the foot of a mountain on the second day. On the steep sides was a pathway over the mountain. I tried my slipped foot to the ground, looked along the winding path, looked up to the Lord, leaned hard on Him and my cane, and started. At the top of that great range of mountains ran the border line between Annam and the dragon empire of China. We reached the summit. I did not have to be told I was in China. It was like meeting some person of

whom you had heard so very much, that, at the moment you saw them, you knew them. Yes, the stretching wall of native rock, with its great porcelain arch, the curiously carved gates themselves, the two huge yawning dragons at the corners, some soldiers with slouching uniforms, no two alike, the little ponies and mountain carts, two women hobbling through the entrance with bound feet, spelled CHINA in unmistakable capital letters.

XXIV

CHINA

ON the Annam side of the gate, there came a sense of grave responsibility, as we pulled our passports before entering China. Once, through that gate, I was conscious that new responsibilities would rest upon me the remainder of my life. Mr. Jaffray placed me in a mountain cart and went to talk with the soldiers. I turned my heart toward God, asking Him to make me true to the vision soon to be mine and the awful responsibility soon to fall upon me. Only God knew what He would ask of me, once I had seen this great land. As we passed through the gate, one little phrase rang in my ears, "China, four hundred millions," "China, four hundred millions." Once inside the gate, the land stretched out to the north and west and east before us. This was China.

Our little carts were rattling along the mountain path, saying as the wheels crunched on the rocks, "China," "China." What we had passed through was not the great wall of China. That is far to the north.

Remember that word "wall," in thinking of China. It is the first thought to which I would call your attention concerning China. The great, outstanding feature of China to me is "wall." "Resist, resist." This is what China said to me. Think

of the most outstanding phenomenon of an empire being a "*wall*," not a pyramid, not a wagon, not a machine, not anything that goes, but something that stands and resists. The great wall is fifteen hundred miles long. It would extend halfway across the United States. It is about forty feet high and eighteen feet wide on top. You feel that it would make a great automobile road, if you could run a tunnel through the towers, which pop up at very frequent intervals. Every tower is a tongue, which tells the same story of resistance. The stones are a little over five feet long and a square three feet at the end.

Yes, China can resist, even this wall seems to have resisted time, started as it was some three hundred years before Christ. Standing on that wall, China will sing out to you, "Babylon has gone, but I remain." "Nineveh is not, the glories of Thebes are mocked with mud, Carthage, Palmyra are only names, but I, China, remain." China is like an ocean. Many ships may sail her, but they all go down. Buried in the depths of her history are the hopes and futile ambitions of Mings, Tartars, and Manchus, and now Japan casts her eager eye upon this people, who have conquered their conquerors. She looks with longing eyes of conquest. Let her sail the sea most hopefully, but she too will sink like plunging, snorting steeds in quicksand. Let him who thinks this will not be so read the history of the Manchus, the last conquerors of this people, who conquer by surrender. Let him go to King-Chow, and view the ruins where only recently the proud

Manchus reared their palaces. Let him look at the dirty, begging Manchus in the streets. Let him watch them peddle the bricks of their former homes at a pittance for a bit of food. Let him look at the proud Manchu beggars in the streets of Peking. Let him visit the Manchu city ruin in Nanking. Let him read of all their pomp and heraldry and power, then turn to look at them now, sinking and no one pushing them down. Where are the dynasties that once held proud sway over this mass of men. Great graveyards mark their resting places. Avenues of carved animals, half sunken in the sands of time, point the path to great graves. Lions, camels, elephants, horses, carved men line the sides of the walkways to the graves of the conquerors, but attrition has pecked away their purpose. They have sunken, but China remains.

The Empress Dowager held aloft the flickering lamp of power. It was not snatched from her hand, even though history might record the great uprising. Rather let us say she dropped it in reaching for a summer palace. Yes, she sunk and with her, the last dynasty, as she reached for her desire. Let not others reach for China. You remember the Dowager took the money that had been set aside for a great Chinese navy and, with it, built herself a summer palace. Without a navy, her sway crumbled before the navy of Japan. Her summer palace could not keep her afloat on the great Chinese sea of uncertainty. On to the ocean of four hundred million patient human beings, the new republic pushed its prow, as the Dowager went down. Let Japan heed

this warning. She may use the ocean, but let her not try to possess it. Japan may use China, Britain may use China, America may use China; indeed, China is anxious to be used, and is as docile about it as the great expanse of ocean; but let no power think she can pick China up, change her to suit the taste, and devour her. The nation that swallows China will have the experience of the fish that swallowed Jonah. They will throw her up again. She has lived in the belly of oppression, she has feasted and grown four hundred million fat upon hunger. China is; she does not need to become. She has been trained to resist. She will go on resisting. The Dowager's palace of porcelain and rotten wood-work, on which her empire pivoted to a republic, was built for beauty, not to resist. It perished. It lacked just this much of being Chinese. China is not grasping for anything. She does not even ask to be let alone. Like the waves of the sea, she moves when the wind blows, and settles back when it stops. Let no dreamer think she will keep the shape into which modern reformers are trying to hold her.

Yes, she uses our automobiles in Canton, and has torn down a wall to make an automobile road, but the people on the next street have not budged an inch. Around the corner from the most up-to-date thing in Shanghai, you will find them going on calmly, just as they did when Ma, the wife of the first Ming emperor, lived. The wind of modernism has blown on one street in China, but that is no sign whatever that it will blow on the next street. Great mass movements among some races simply do not

obtain with the Chinese. Again, it is as an ocean. The storm may be raging outside Liverpool, but the waters are still about the Irish coast. It will take a people mightier than China to move China. These puffy modern reform breezes will pass over, leaving a ripple, which to-morrow will be a calm. One of my boyhood homes was Cheyenne. I say, "one of my homes," for my father was a Methodist preacher and, according to early usage, moved much. We had a Chinaman in our town. He even came to my father's church. He was my special boyhood friend. He rode me on his back did this big stalwart Lock Don. Christmas came, but Lock did not keep our Christmas. He kept Chinese New Year. I invited him to my house for Christmas, but he did not come. I went to his house, his steaming little laundry. I know now, since being in China, that the little flower garden in front of his laundry was Chinese. His clothes were Chinese. His queue was Chinese. His food was Chinese. I ate Chinese New Year candy, and took home a water lily bulb which came from China. At one side of his laundry was the great Inter-Ocean hotel, but it did not change Lock Don. We had a horse car. Lock Don did not ride. Chinese fashion, he got himself a wheelbarrow and peddled his clothes by pushing.

There had never been a year since those boyhood days, when I have not had some Chinese friend, but I have discovered that the Celestial never changes. They say that Shih-Hwang-Ti, in 200 B. C., burned Chinese history, but even that did not change China.

There is no movement in China. It is just a mess. I pity the man who would try to trace the currents. It would be like finding a path in a barn-yard.

The little mountain carts, pulled by the scrubby, little horses, brought us to our first Chinese city. I can describe my sensation no better way than to say that men are living like maggots, working their way through dirty passages called streets. The air was filled with historic stench. Dr. Scroggie called Edinburgh "Scotland's history incarnate in stone," but in China history is incarnate in stench. You smell the past as well as the present. In Annam, they bury the dead, and, in China, I am told they do also, but from the smell you would think that nothing had ever been buried. Some of those walking around, you feel should be buried. You may pass by Chinese dirt and stench and hold your nose, but you must not, as many have done, hold your brain away from it, for it is a very large tell-tale factor of the underlying inborn and inbred philosophy of the Chinese.

The proverb of Confucius, which, I believe, has made the stagnant condition of China a prevailing factor, is the following: "Learning is easy; it is action that is hard." This presents life to the Chinese mind as something that is to be acted upon and not that which acts. This Confucian philosophy, summed up in this proverb, puts China into the passive mood. All other races of the earth are in the active mood. Take the attitude even of a beggar on the street. It is this. He is doing you a kind-

ness by giving you an opportunity to be gracious. Such a thing as his being grateful, does not enter his mind.

Nearly all the writers about China, I notice, have started out with some such sentence as this, "China, resisting change for forty centuries, is now changing." It is true that she has taken the dragon off of some of the postage stamps and the flag, but the dragon is still in China. It sounds like some little boy yelling, "Oh, the turtle has lost its head and feet," just because it has pulled them in. China is a stagnant pool, because of her centuries of inactivity. Therefore, the stench of China speaks loudly of her view of life.

You can hardly believe, when you look upon the "Hall of the Classics" where the Emperor used to bestow prizes on those who had won the national examination honours, and the spots where twenty thousand cells held candidates for examination, I say, you can hardly believe that a nation, which could thus systematically gather its best young life in classical learning, could not get together in classical doing, if it were not for this underlying philosophy of "learning is easy; it is action that is hard." It is not a philosophy of inactivity in the sense of laziness, but it is in the sense of achievement through united effort.

Of course, China can be made to change, but never will she change because of winds of culture that blow upon her from other national shores. I know she has cut off her queue. She gladly would do that, for the queue is no part of her. It was

blown on her, when the Manchus made her subject. When the Manchus blew away, China emerged queueless. That queue was a mark from the Manchus in honour of the horse, by whose use in battle, the Manchus had been able to conquer China. The sleeves to the old gowns were made like the legs of a horse, and the cuffs were spread like the hoofs of a horse. The queue was unbound for the kowtow. The body bent over, the arms dropping loosely toward the ground to resemble the form of a horse. Of course, the queue memorialized the horse's tail.

Whatever changes China will have to dive deep enough to substitute a new philosophy of life for Confucianism. This, Christ alone and his salvation can do. And, when I say salvation, I mean salvation, not simply the teachings of Christianity. This would only be another churchianity form of queue for China. Much of the missionary educational system carried on in China to-day will not change China. It may teach the boys college yells. It may unbind the women's feet. It may build railroads and increase shipping. It will put a new form of classical examination for the old. It may even turn China into a republic. It may pave many streets. Sanitation may be practised in many centres. All this will not change China, so long as China believes and repeats that "learning is easy; it is action that is hard."

The real gospel given to China will change her. There are two ways of tackling a life problem. One is by reformation. The other is by revolution. The reformer assumes that the heart of the proposition

is correct. He believes that the fundamentals are sound. He starts in with argument and information to change instrumentals, which, he believes, are wrong. The revolutionist starts with the premise that the core and heart and fundamentals are wrong and absolutely wrong. The revolutionist believes that the changing of instrumentals will not affect the fundamentals.

Christianity is founded on the program of revolution, and not on the program of reformation. Just now, the program of the majority of so-called Christian activities is proceeding on a basis of reformation. Early Christianity and every movement of Christianity, that has brought about a great reformation, has started with a great revolution, a revolution that changed the hearts of men and put new music in their souls. These men, with changed hearts soon changed the conditions about them. Having touched fundamentals they soon attended to the instrumentals.

We hear much said to-day in missionary circles, in church circles here at home concerning social service and mass movements. Mass movements are not spontaneous. They arise because of some great revolution in the heart of a single individual or a few individuals. Reformations spring into being, because some man has taken a dive to the bottom of life and discovered a fundamental. We must dive to the heart of China with the heart of the gospel.

One man like General Feng may change the whole of China. One man, I say, like this great Christian general, who spends two hours alone with God and

the Bible in his tent each day. Thousands have been converted because of his life. He has shown them a fundamental vision of the new birth. Following in the wake of the revolution that struck his own life has come the revolution of other lives and, also, in this wake has followed reformation in all the towns touched by his soldiers.

It will not be a Yuan-Shih-Kui that will change China. It will not be an Empress Dowager. It will not be a President Sun-Yet-Sen, for President Sun himself is a product of reformation. The revolution has never struck the inside of this man. It takes men who themselves have been revolutionized to write a constitution which will produce reformation.

What if America had been started in San Francisco with the gold seekers, the 49'ers, as the ones from whom was to be drawn a constitution. Thank God, it was the pilgrims on their knees, with hearts aflame for liberty of soul, instead of a liberty of gold. Japan is a good representation of a great mass change by reformations. Suddenly, she has sprung up with a great government, great school system, great navy, great railroads, army and a program of conquest, suddenly changed during the war from one of naval aggression to one of industrial aggression. Suddenly, Japan decided to turn from following German methods of efficiency for land conquest and adopted the American system of manufacture. Her sixty-five millions of people were largely agricultural. They were feeling the grind of poverty, because of the density of the population. So crowded was the condition, that new land seemed the only

answer, but, by manufacture, they can trade their merchandise for what men in other lands can raise. Let any one, who wishes the proof that Japan has switched her program to industrialism, look at Tokyo with a population of eight hundred thousand before the war, and now, suddenly, a metropolis of three million. Added stories to the houses because of multiplied manufacture. But here is the point. Japan has done everything we ask a nation to do in education, economics, culture, and government, but we do not love her, the world does not accept her, and all because of her philosophy of life.

Germany had everything in culture, plus. She had efficiency written across her banners in every department of government and labour of agriculture and industry, but she has suddenly been pushed outside the gates, an outcast, not because of the war, but because of her philosophy of life, which led to the war and produced its manner of procedure.

Why should any one give themselves to reforming China, if a like product is to be the result? China has suffered enough to deserve better than reformation. She deserves that mighty revolution which comes from this statement, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Let no man think that true Christianity can be propagated by great mass movements. Christianity starts with individualism. The mob has emotions, but it has no intellect. The war has proven to us that mass movements will not change men. In mass

movements the brain is thrown into the scrap heap. Every man is subjected to a dominating officer. Generals go down, and a Foch must stand forth.

The joy of living is not in the mass, but in individual endeavour, in individual initiative, in individual art, in individual choice, taste, and selection. Mass movements harrow and level, running men through a mill like manufactured matches to blaze at another's scratching.

The great lawless outbreak since the war, the banditry and murders, the lust and gluttony for pleasure and profit are all a natural reaction from the great mass movements to individualism again. The reaction from mass movements made America "of the people, for the people, by the people."

Jesus Christ dealt with individuals, the woman at the well, Zaccheus in the tree, the woman in the temple, and others too numerous to mention, such as the centurion with great faith. There is no single account in the Scripture of Jesus stretching His hands over a multitude of men, women and children, and saying "Be healed." Rather, He stopped the mass, as the individual blind man cried to Him, and said, "Bring him hither to me."

Why should the Christian forces of our day work on the supposition that Christ now deals with masses. It would appeal to our modern reasoning to do it in great multitudes, but God has ordained that, "through the foolishness of preaching," the individual shall tell what Christ has done for him, and tell forth out of a hot heart the gospel story of what Christ did on the cross, in and out of the tomb for

all mankind. Mankind is to accept this as individuals.

Modernism in the church to-day is a propaganda against the individualism set up by Jesus Christ Himself.

In visiting the missions of China, I was more than ever satisfied that the God-ordained method of preaching the "faith once for all delivered to the saints" is the only method that gains lasting results. All reformations may come or go. They have come and gone fast in China, leaving China unchanged, but, wherever the gospel has touched the Chinese, it has brought a lasting revolution, in whose wake has followed reformation of externals and instrumentals.

XXV

DOWN THE WEST RIVER

OUR ponies brought us to the upper reaches of the West River and, in the middle of the night, we entered a Chinese town. All the living places were closed, but the gambling dens were wide open, and noise a-plenty was issuing forth.

They were playing their gambling game with beans. Each would lay his money on a guess as to whether one, two, or three beans would be left over at the end of a count. The Chinese dealer would stick his bony hand into the bean-jar carelessly, grab a handful of beans, and lay them on the floor; then, with a stick that resembled a ruler, he would pull them to him in fours. The quick eye of the gamblers could count the beans long before he could pull them in, and, if it were three beans left over, those who gambled on a three, set up a howl. The twos likewise, if it was a two. The ones, if it had been a one. Then, there was much palaver and counter betting, a laying of bets before another handful of beans was drawn.

They are squatted about the dealer, with faces resembling those to which we are accustomed in our Chinese sections, except that all heads were shaven.

Next door to the gambling house was a great lot-

tery, carried on much as is our Louisiana lottery, with a great drawing at advertised periods. In this great house of the lottery were tables and chairs and stalls. It might be called a Chinese stock exchange.

The night air had stiffened my leg, and some kind of fever had set in on me during the night, but we found our way down through the mud flats to the river bank, where lay a myriad of sampans. A sampan is a flat boat about twenty feet long. The hull is about three feet deep at the center; a floor is placed over the hull at the water line. Over the ship, in the center only, ran a bamboo covering the size and the shape of the top of our prairie schooners or canvas-covered wagons. On this boat men live, marry, have children, die, while succeeding generations go on with the same boat. It is not only their home, their house, but their farm and shop. It is queer to see the little babies with a big piece of cork or a large-sized section of bamboo made air-tight, and tied over their shoulders at the back of the neck. This is to prevent them from drowning, in case they fall into the water. You hear a splash and a scream; you look, and the little head is floating, soon to be rescued, and, if not, it does not seem to make any particular difference. "It is action that is hard," you know. We might all of us be struggling in the water, no Chinaman on the shore would make any effort to rescue us, or even be disturbed at our calamity. In fact, it would be no calamity to him. If the spirit of the West River wants you, that is a compliment. Accept the invitation and drown with good manners. Why kick about it? Living is

worth while, anyhow. Plenty more will take your place.

At the back of the sampan and underneath these floor boards is a stove and all the cooking utensils. This is the dining car of your Pullman boat. On top of the floor boards, when the meal is over, stands the mother, father, the big boy, or the big girl and plies one long paddle at the back from a standing position. The paddle is slightly turned, as you step forward, pushing on its handle end, then held firmly, to keep the paddle end perpendicular as you pull and throw your weight backward. The slight movement as you step forward causes the paddle to turn on the edge and slip through the water. The other slight movement causes it to become perpendicular and carry the boat against the water with the pull.

Yes, we fired off the few sky-rockets before we started. Why ask me what for. They did not even know what for themselves. It is enough to know that they do it. It is to scare some devil away and to make some other one happy. The punk on the ancestral altar at the front of the boat must be lighted, too, for the river god or devil.

In the middle of the boat was our Pullman berth. Of course, both ends of the berth were open, and the boards were our only mattress and springs. One gets used to that. However, I had a little difficulty making my sore leg believe that it was comfortable. The chill of the night air rested none too soothingly on my chilly body, for the fever had now changed to a chill.

We reached our first mission station by sun-up.

There were our dear missionaries at the wharf, and the city was up the bank, some fifty or more feet, very steep at that. Now came the problem. I could not walk. The chill had greatly affected my leg and my running sore. I could truly understand what David said in the seventy-seventh Psalm, "My sore ran in the night," but you cannot back a coolie down, if you have enough cash to pay him. So, they ran for a big chair. Two huskies got on to the poles. With a great grunt they started. There was I, swinging out over the pair in a chair that looked like a coffin turned on end with two long bamboo poles run through it. Two could not make the ascent. So a third joined the one behind, and I reached our mission station, where I could dress my wound, bathe and stretch out on a bed.

The first service was at eleven o'clock. I felt sure I would be able to go, and I was. It was such a joy not to disappoint our lonely, far-off missionaries and this splendid crowd of Chinese Christians, but to be able to bring them a message of cheer straight from His heart.

When I had dressed, a great funeral was going by. On came the roasted pig and great courses of breaded fish, shrimps, sliced duck, as well as the cucumbers and eggs. These eggs had been laid away in the dust after having been varnished. Through the long season they had turned to jelly or gelatin, not of a nice red or pink colour, as advertised in the gelatin ads, but a smoky black. I do not know what the inside looks like, for, at the feasts, I got no further than the outside. Thank you.

in the Lord, and we were in another sampan, slipping down the river. These sampans parked at the wharfs, cover what would be blocks of river front and extend out into the water a block. How they keep their addresses is a mystery. The man comes ashore, and, somehow, finds his home. They must all be good sleepers, for some one is walking over the front or back of your sampan all night long. Often fire breaks out among them, and it is pitiful beyond description. Unorganized, their very effort at flight becomes their doom, and they die like rats in a trap.

They live by the pittance given them by passengers up and down the river and by freight charges on packages of merchandise.

There are no railroads up this river. The railroads of China are not yet a large factor, and they never will be until information goes through America that the Chinese themselves have changed. Any bank here, in order to loan money on Chinese securities, must get its money from the people. Until the Chinese government is of the kind that gives confidence to the investors of this country China cannot go very fast ahead. We like the Chinese, and our merchants enjoy doing business with them, but it is the government's unstable and "squeeze" methods, which scare investors away.

It seemed that China was to have a government under Yuan Shih Kui. He had an empire dream, and, in his dream, is a golden box containing three names, from which was to be chosen his successor. Two people only knew the names, and it is not safe

just now to tell who they were. Some have guessed that he had named his sons, but that old throne room is like an attic.

There is a new government in the north, a new republic in the south of China, with battles imminent, and plenty of trouble is sure, as it is in Ireland. The Irish themselves may love to fight, but this is not so with the Chinese. Under any kind of stable government and just tax system, the Chinese can build like ants and work like ants. In fact, there is nothing of which they remind you so much as ants in a hill, unless it is maggots in a carcass. I have never known what the system among maggots was, but they clean the bones and leave them bleaching in the sun. It seems that China is capable of any amount of toil, if some one could lead off.

It makes one dizzy to think of the things which China produces. On these rivers are great boats, pushed by human tractors. All along the river front stand sailors, if they may be called such, who man these boats. You can pick them out by the great callous over their right breast and collar-bone, where they throw their weight across the crutch rest of the long poles, or where the hemp from the long ropes attached to the boats fastens itself about their body, while they stretch themselves on the ground like mules to pull. They pull with their hands, pushing with their naked feet along the banks. They are moving the cargo of China, bringing it to the ports and taking back other cargo in exchange.

There you see a whole boat-load of chickens, another of eggs. Whole ship-loads of eggs leave

China for America. I have spoken of the buried eggs of China, but the fresh eggs are obtainable at every crossroad, and, if one has the money, he can pick up a chicken to eat anywhere along the path.

There are innumerable uses for the bamboo—furniture, chairs, tables, boats, bridges, houses, pipes, sewerage, irrigation pipes of bamboo, poles for propelling the ships, poles for the shoulders, from which are suspended the two baskets for burden-bearing in China. Here you see come the coolies in strings of thousands with two baskets of dirt for the highway, or two baskets of eggs for the market, or two baskets of vegetables and produce from their truck farms. Here comes a big bamboo pole over the shoulders of two men, and, in the middle, is a squealing, howling, good-sized pig on his way to market. He rests in a lattice blanket woven of bamboo, his feet through the holes. Swaying between two more is a crate of chickens. Boats and men carry cinnamon bark, ginger, every kind and variety of tea, cotton, tobacco, medicine made of a multitude of herbs, silk in every stage of its manufacture. Out of one great province alone in China, a province which is twice as big as Kansas, slips out by man and boat power to the outside world twenty million dollars' worth of merchandize. Tucked away in the baskets is a wax from the silk-worm used in manufacture, a pongee silk from the wild silk-worm, a red dye which comes from a flower, a green which is squeezed from a seed, and very much indigo for our bluing, a civet from slain deer in some parts of China. This we use for perfume. There is a big

industry in pig bristles, in wood oil for paint, which is extracted from a form of nut. China is the old home of rhubarb. The export is less as we grow more, but duck feathers still come by the ton to the United States and other countries.

Tea is still a big industry, and it is the great drink of China. Think of the millions of lives that it saves. They never drink cold water but only tea. This means that all the water they drink has been boiled. This they do without knowing there are those things called germs. Old Dr. Moffat, who, for half a century, has doctored the sick on this old West River, said that he got along fine curing diseases, until somebody discovered microbes. He said he could operate with great success by only wiping his instruments, but, since the bugs had been discovered, it had greatly reduced his efficiency. This, of course, he said in a joke, but, many times, the very germs from which we try by great effort to protect the body, the Chinese body is already immune. They could not play in the sewer filth, if they are not immune to dozens of germs, that to us are death-dealing. They greatly love their tea, and I have found that the experts use an exact amount of tea, even to weighing it in proportion to an exact amount of water. Then they use water which was never boiled before, and they steep it five minutes in this boiling water, which has just come to a boil. They talk with a nicety of getting it in at just the proper second.

It isn't hard to awaken in the morning. In fact, in China, they have a splendid system of keeping

you awake. A watchman goes about the city, beating a large gong through the night. The idea, I suppose, is to frighten away a robber, but, instead, he frightens away sleep or, at least, combined with the throbbing of my leg, he succeeded in doing this.

Quarrels are a sort of game in China, and a pair delighted themselves in this little pastime beneath my porch. I could not understand the words, but I got the spirit of the affair. We found out the next morning that they were insulting each other's ancestors, from sixteen to twenty in number. The fellow that gets to the end of the ancestors first wins. They do not strike each other. They just push and swat with a violent insult. The dead ancestor gets the blow from each fiery tongue. The ancestors coming off with the most black eyes lose. Even in the river boats, they keep up this form of amusement. You can hear a woman at your paddle, yelling her denunciations across the water long after the other contestant has ceased to listen, or is within hearing distance.

It was hard to wave farewell to the missionaries at each of the stations, as we made our way down the river. We were welcomed in each place with a great fire-cracker display. Into the halls we were taken and presented with great silk banners, and I am thankful to say that all of them, instead of praising me, were in praise to our common Lord. Some of them were on fiery red silk with black characters. Some of them were on pink with white characters. Some of them had pink background, white charac-

ters, and handiwork of peculiar shades of green. One was bordered with little mirrors.

It was made very clear to me in the presentation of this banner from one of the cities that it was a heathen custom to put the mirrors on, and that the verse of Scripture was in contrast to these mirrors. These little mirrors are woven into the babies' caps, so that demons approaching the babies may see their own ugly face reflected in the mirrors, and flee. It is also used at funerals, weddings, and feasts, so that the demons may act the same.

But here, in this banner, it was that "He hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

In going down the river from station to station, we were forced to sleep on the sampans, wherever we had ladies only in our station. I suppose that, coming to the sampans after perspiring through the effort of speaking, I took cold from the night dews on the river. It settled heavily on my lungs. It seemed the enemy was doing all in his power to floor me. I would not have it otherwise. I would not exchange the comfort I found in Him through travel, pain, and speaking for a world of treasures. Oh, how you know Him when He nurses you, as well as when He heals. The pouring in of oil and wine, and putting you on His own beast, His lodging of you in the inn is all a great romance, which makes your blessed Bridegroom stand out heroic, brilliant, blessed, beautiful.

The last great lap of the journey to Wuchow on the way to Hong-Kong was made on a passenger

ship propelled by gasolene. This passenger ship was about as big as four box cars, and looked like a big, blue, floating box. It had a platform or a porch without a railing, just above the water line. All the rest was a box with windows in it and resembled a Noah's ark, like we used to have in our boyhood menageries. The boat had two decks. You could stand upright on neither. We had a private room on this gorgeous boat. The room was five by five. One berth was on the floor, and the other was on the side of the wall, about three feet from the floor. Now came the problem, how to get six feet into five. That is easy. You simply draw up the knees. I worked it by drawing up one knee and pushing my aching leg high. Into this we brought all our baggage and blankets, and also our food supply for three days.

We started off well enough, but soon we hit a sand-bar, where we rested for an hour or so, when suddenly it occurred to Mr. Jaffray to go and ask the captain why we were standing in the middle of the river with no effort to get out. The captain's answer was that we were waiting for a lighter from shore. Soon this lighter came alongside. After another hour or more, we gently approached the captain and asked why the lighter had not been used. The captain informed us that the honourable gentleman to whom he had made request, that they deposit their fat selves on this aforesaid lighter for a short space of time, had refused pointblank to move, saying they were enjoying their snooze. Until the gentleman cared to move, of course, we were to sit

there, which might be many hours and, especially, if the enthusiastic game of fan-tan did not lessen in its interest.

Mr. Jaffray is a past master with the Chinese. He told me to yell. He told me to go out on the lighter and yell. He told me I might yell with all my lungs, "You big fat slobs, bring your lazy carcasses this way." I commenced at once. The howling greatly relieved my leg. He was on the inside of the boat, explaining to these honourable gentlemen that this American was surprised at their ungentlemanly conduct in refusing to obey the captain's orders. He said I was calling to them, greatly desiring their presence.

Soon they came with blankets and, bedding about them, some with their opium pipes, some with gambling devices, and cards, but, tumbling out from every window and door, they came. The boat lightened and floated away. The boys with the poles pushed the lighter alongside, while I sang to these honourable gentlemen. Strange to say, they were convulsed with laughter. You see, the Chinese can be persuaded, but they are Scotch, when it comes to being driven.

Mr. Jaffray kept them in a roar of laughter, when he started in on them. You should have seen the floor of the decks when night came. Every available inch was taken. From the rafters hung valises, baskets, food supplies, pipes, bird cages, extra bedding. If you wanted to go through the boat, you must crawl on your hands and knees.

That strange smell is opium, coming up through the cracks of the floor from a little cabin below. We went to talk with the opium smoker. Lean and consumptive-looking, he was laying full length, resting on his elbow. Before him, in the hollow of his arm, burned the flickering flame, over which he held a spoon. At intervals he picked up with a pair of little tongs a little black ball of opium, cooked it for a moment in the flames and rolled it again in the spoon. It had a rich, creamy, greasy smell. The perfume was sickening, like the smell of tube roses in a closed room. We talked to him about the Lord. He smiled like a dying man, to whom some one is offering food. All well and good, but he had no strength to take it. His mind was not working. His imagination was aflame with hunger. For a dream every nerve was tingling, to be soothed by this little, black, cooking devil, which he so tenderly turned about in the flame and watched. Other wan and chalky faces were close by, waiting their turn, when the cooking was done.

On the back of the boat was the kitchen, where great pots of rice were steaming and the food was cooking. If you took a look, and then could eat, your stomach was extra stout. Ours were extra stout for we ate. The only way to learn to eat with chop-sticks is to be really hungry. Your fingers then take on an extra cunning. Again we were on a sand-bar. This time the polers came to the rescue. They threw their calloused shoulders against the crotches of the pole, and, with the other end, shoved deep in the sand, commenced with one accord to push,

screeching like stuck pigs, as they pushed. There was more screeching than pushing.

The wind blew quite a gust, which added to their squeals, and moved us away into the river again. Men and women alike occupied this boat, though they tried to keep the women in a small compartment above the cabin. I could feel my body weakening, my resistance lessening, and my cold increasing, but we pushed on. This is literally true, because it was mostly by the *pushing* of these polers that we advanced.

XXVI

AT WUCHOW

SURELY, no one could receive a more hearty reception than the one accorded us by our missionaries, our native workers and students, and the native Christians at Wuchow. Long before we came alongside the wharf, we could hear the songs echoing along the banks. We could hear the boom of big fire-cracker bombs and the intermittent cracking of the smaller ones.

Straight up from the wharf ran a long line of steps, then a widening path, and, on the hilltop stood our missionary receiving home. On either side of this path stood the lines of Christians and students. I could hardly believe my own eyes at this splendid representation of our blessed Lord in this city of China. All the way up the hillside rang the songs. Whether they were singing the same song at the bottom of the hill, that they were at the top of the hill, you could not tell.

Mrs. Rader and Mrs. Jaffray were the first at the wharf to welcome us. Behind them were missionaries, then our native teachers and preachers, led by our native officials. A pair of chair coolies were waiting for me. It was a welcome sight, indeed, for I began to screw up my courage, determined to walk, if I was expected to do so, but these lusty coolies bore me away to the great house on the hilltop, two-storied and with wide verandas, com-

fortable and homey, the work of that great Lancaster county (Pennsylvania) farmer, Brother Isaac Hess, the chairman of this South China field for twenty-five years, until this conference at my coming, when he laid off the toga on to the shoulders of his younger comrade, Rev. R. A. Jaffray, who had stood with him for twenty-five years in the work and who was my travelling companion.

The coolies rested at intervals up the hill, and, at each interval, I received a lovely little token of welcome from some department of the work or some school division.

The afternoon found us in session around a great fire in a spacious parlour, where seventy-five guests could find comfortable seating. Assembled with us were our dear missionary comrades in that section from the Southern Baptist Church. The loveliest fellowship exists between our two societies in the great work to which God had called us. We do not cross each other's fields, but, from Wuchow, spread out in different directions.

Dr. Leavitt and Dr. Bedoe, in charge of the Southern Baptist Hospital, at the close of the first conference and message, came to my room. I suppose they thought I did not understand the seriousness of my condition. I did, however, and was conscious that my blessed Lord understood it, even better than they or I. They were not argumentative, nor did they offer their medical assistance. It was most beautiful to have them offer to pray with me, and, while I lay resting on my bed, they knelt and called upon the Great Physician.

The conference lasted for four days. I was able to preside at every session and filled all my engagements at our native churches in the heart of the city, except one. The last day, tonsilitis set in, until swallowing was agony. Let me say that, when this hit me, it made my heart dance with joy and, within me, something was saying back to Satan, "You could not beat me with all you have started; you acknowledge your defeat by trying this new trick." I fell asleep far into the night. I remember saying, "Even with this, you will not win, for

'Jesus is victor, His work is complete,
Crushing all enemies under His feet.
Jesus is victor; the foe from the dust
Never can rise again, if we but trust.'

'Jesus is victor, the battle is won.
We can do nothing, for all has been done.'"

When the last session came to a close in the morning, I seemed to wilt. As I have said before, I was struggling. Now the conference had ended, the work was done, and I relaxed.

The doctors came to see me and told me what I had. It was pneumonia, both lungs and going rapidly. The day was an awful battle. The night came on, and the heart-beat was terrific. Breathing seemed a horror. I heard the missionaries come up from supper. My wife would not leave my side, but sat holding my hand. My throat was dry, but the pain in swallowing grew more intense. My leg could not find a comfortable position, and a creeping clutch was on my lungs, growing as the moments passed. I could almost figure how long it would last.

The house got quiet. Every one had retired. I felt that I could fight no longer. The struggle of faith discouraged rather than comforted me. All the long, long, weary days I had struggled against these monsters reaching for my life. I had been calling my struggle faith, but it was not faith, as I was soon to learn.

About half-past ten I became unconscious. I could hear my wife's voice grow fainter in my ear. I felt that she was receding. Suddenly I was back again in my teens. The boss was calling out his orders. I threw off my coat, grabbed my axe, and made my way up the very steep and winding path to cut down a pine tree, according to his order. It was to be eighteen inches across the butt and sixteen feet long. There was my tree. I struggled into the swinging of the axe. It fell with a lowe swish. The fresh, rancid smell of the pine was delightful to my nostrils. Soon every limb was off, and the bark laid aside. I buried the axe in its soft fibre and went to the big end and, getting it on my shoulder, started down the very crooked path, only to be hindered as the long pole caught, when I twisted between the pine trees. I would back, twist, change my path, and start again, only to be caught by another combination of trees, through which I could not get a straight line of sixteen feet.

I worked away at this, until I fell exhausted beneath my load. I heard the boss' voice from the path below. He was coming up the path. No, it was not the boss' voice. It was sweeter, much sweeter than any human voice I had ever heard. A

mellow tenderness was all about Him. I cannot say that it was a light, though it gave me the impression of a light. Let me call it manifested tenderness.

I thought it was the boss, when He said, "What are you doing?" I was ashamed and hung my head, as I sat there leaning up against the side of a tree. "I did the best I could. I have struggled as hard as I know how to struggle," I said, "Please do not blame; I can do no better."

"I am not blaming you," He said. Oh, the tone of that voice! It caused me to lift my head, and I was face to face with my Lord.

I cannot tell any man how He looked. All that I can say is that for the precious, loving, tender One, who stood in the path, I would gladly forfeit anything this world holds, turn away from every human urge, every call, and follow Him. Oh, He was wonderful, wonderful!

He lifted His hand and pointing, said, "Look over there. You need not struggle. See my provision." It was a beautiful stream, going along just fast enough around the side of the hill. "Throw your burden in there, and ride on it," He said very softly.

Oh, dear friends, I saw it all at once and, suddenly, I knew all that it meant. I knew it with my whole spirit. The very consciousness of its meaning awakened me. My wife was crying my name into my ear. When my lips moved, she asked me how I was. I could only whisper, "Dear, I am riding on it." Of course, she did not know then what it meant, but, Oh, Hallelujah! I knew, and, all night long, at

intervals, I whispered back to my blessed Lord, "I am riding on it."

The healing was not immediate, but, Oh, I was riding on it. As the days since then have proven, it was a great blessing, and only a great Saviour could give it. I have called back innumerable times since then to my blessed Lord, "I am riding on it."

Would you know the sweetness of faith? Do not struggle; do not strive. Believe; just throw it into the stream of His grace, and ride on it, "casting all your care on Him, for He careth for you."

Mrs. Rader and myself left for Hong-Kong, Canton, and Shanghai on the second day after.

To the conference at Shanghai came a great delegation of our missionaries from Central China, representatives from Japan and far-away Tibet. Can you imagine what a joy it was to greet these warriors, these soldiers of the faith.

We met in our Alliance headquarters in Shanghai, where Brother Woodberry is in charge. Here is the spot where, for a quarter of a century, Mr. and Mrs. Woodberry and their children have wrought a splendid work and gathered out many souls.

At this conference we used the questionnaire system to get a concrete answer to concrete problems, rather than a vote. Mr. Stauffer, of the China Continuation Committee, gave us some splendid sessions. He and his committee have gathered complete missionary data from all of China. The data has been made into maps. For instance, the topography of every province is shown in the maps, so that those at missionary headquarters can tell what natural ob-

stacles missionary advance must meet. There are temperature maps, maps of infested areas. There are population maps. There are maps showing the work of every society, working in China, a characteristic mark to show the placement of schools, of churches, of teachers, of workers, white and native. With such information before us, and with the workers there from most of these provinces, it was easy to get exact information and outline our plans for future progress and our plans for any changes in method.

This conference brought out the great opportunities for evangelism, where there is a strong Bible school and spiritual centre. It also brought out the great progress that can be made by the natives themselves through systematic training in self-support. With the emphasis put on the native ministry and thorough training in self-support, the gospel is going speedily through China. I am praying that God will lay it upon the hearts of many givers of great means to send in their money for the building of Bible schools. If we can train them, they can carry the gospel themselves. This is the hope—Chinese bringing Chinese to Christ.

The deep hunger to know the Lord in all His fulness among our Chinese workers greatly cheered our hearts. He can work through them and raise up among them Wesleys, Finneys, Moodys, and thrust them forth.

XXVII

JAPAN

ISLANDS! Islands! Dumpy, squatly little gardens are these islands, surrounded by water. A little bouquet of greens and a sea of blue. Perhaps a little cottage is hidden on the side with wisteria running along the limb of a tree, its lovely, light purple colour softening the landscape. Perhaps there is a whole bed of dahlias or great purple fleur-de-lis. More islands, then a larger island, and you are inside the dock.

You are not to get off. Quarantine officers are coming aboard, but you can look over the side of the ship at the strangest sight you can behold the world around. In the Suez Canal you can see hundreds of natives coaling a ship by running up a board from the lighters, dumping their burden, and dropping back into the lighter again. You can see the banana ships of the south unload with an endless canvas carrier and a string of singing negroes, each carrying forward his bunch of bananas; but, here, are thousands of Japanese like swarming ants ready to coal the ship.

Watch them tie the knots in the rope and make ready the hooks and throw them to the men who have run inside and now are sticking their heads out through the coal holes. The hooks are made fast, and down drops a network of ladders. Suddenly,

up these ladders, swing women, old and young, men old and young, and make themselves secure in the netting. The line of human beings runs from the coal holes to the lighter, in which are tons and tons of fine coal. The lighters are covered with the forms of these natives. In the hand of each is a fibre basket. These baskets hold close to a bushel. Some of the men in the lighter are filling the baskets. As soon as they are filled, a mob moves toward the ladders. They give the basket a toss to a man just above their head. He grabs it and tosses it to a man a few feet higher than himself, and he to the next, and so on, until the man standing at the coal hole on the side of the ship dumps it inside, and throws the basket out into space. The basket does not even touch the ground. It is grabbed by a pair of waiting hands, carried down into the lighter, filled again, thrown up on the back, and, at a little dog trot, the bearer reaches the ladder again. Here is a living stream of beings, forcing up into the air a great stream of coal that finds its way into the bunkers of the ship. It finds its way at the rate of forty baskets a minute and, in eight hours, the ship is ready to move out to the mainland of Japan. Rain or shine, good weather or bad, this coaling goes on. Ship after ship, coming into Nagasaket, receives this same treatment at the hands of these great groups of coalers.

It is hardly believable that just two years before our Civil War Japan was closed to foreigners and had been for centuries. It makes her phenomenal leap into the limelight of nations all the more spec-

tacular. Japan will have a great problem on her hands very shortly; unless Christianity sweeps through her empire. She will have to handle all the problems of employment, which America has handled, with no spirit of altruism in her philosophy of life to aid her. She has swung into a new industrialism and, since the World's Conference at Washington, is more than ever committed to it. These ship coalers will not be peaceably going about their work as of yore.

Along the ports in China, where the influence of the republic has struck, there have been great strikes since the peace conference, and they will follow fast in China and Japan. In the great ports of China, I saw large cotton mills under construction and other large ones already spinning their cloth. Japan is also into this in a large way. This means more skilled labour in both these countries, and we must not forget that it means the skilled labour of the East in competition with the skilled labour of America. What this means in labour troubles only God Himself can tell. When we hear Mr. Gompers this long after the Peace Conference and while the Genoa Congress is in session cry out a blood-curdling warning against the Bolshevik propaganda among the labour classes of America, we can well ask ourselves, "What will the answer be?"

Beloved, there is only one answer, and that is the answer of carrying the gospel to these lands, for, without Christ, governments will not lift their finger to aid the poor or the labourer. Travel through heathenism, and you will find it pulling men under,

crushing them down, using them for pavements of so-called progress. Where heathenism is the rankest, men are simply beasts of burden. Where Christianity has come, there alone has the voice of labour been heard, its hours shortened, its pay envelope fattened, and its working conditions made comfortable. Listen, O governments of earth, only Jesus and Jesus only lifts burdens. It is either Christ in Japan and China, or we are going to see the greatest industrial war that ever made the earth to tremble.

Stop and remember that all the latest inventions and machines which employ labour are going into heathen fields. Dare the nations of earth let them in without Christ. Then, besides, only Christ can keep from racial strife. Japan has never paid the price for her national ascendancy, which other nations have paid; rather, she has quickly grabbed the benefit of the industrial struggles and the educational labours of other nations and, on this wave, ridden into power. She stands on the crest of her national wave to-day, proud and arrogant, but pride will have a fall, for she believes that the white race some day must be subject.

She argues nicely. If, within so short a time, she has come to such mighty things in progress, what can hinder her in dominating. But let her not forget that the white race will either dominate or die.

The devil whispered into the ear of the Kaiser, "Germany over all." Let Japan not listen to him. There is great hope in my heart for Japan. She shifted her position in the war so cleverly to indus-

trialism that she is able to quickly save herself from the destruction that follows pride.

Japan has much over which she has a right to be proud. What splendid railroads! One passes from lovely depots into well-equipped trains, even in the smallest cities. The cars are clean. The seats run along the side. The sandals are nicely placed on the floor, and the feet encased in clean, white socks, and are drawn up to be sat upon.

Neat little lunches are packed in round wooden boxes. The boxes are half-filled with rice. On top of the rice is a layer of fish, well cooked and tasty. On top of that are strips of vegetables, invitingly seasoned. A little stick, the size of a pencil, ready to be split in two, for chop-sticks, tops the whole, and you buy this for about fifteen cents, eat it as you ride and jabber away to your companion.

The Pullmans are comfortable and offer every convenience.

The mixing of the men and women and the moral tone, ever apparent to any onlooker, is terribly degrading. One can see readily that the Japanese are making this not a debauchery, but an art, which is the sure sign of the undoing of any nation. The lure of lust is the greatest enemy in America also to-day, for it is lust that has undone the empires of the world.

The school system of Japan is unique and successful. The government railroads provide the passage for the children from little towns to big ones, in order to have adequate educational facilities for all. To see these hundreds of children lined up or-

derly at the depot in the early morning hours augurs much for the success of any nation.

But what shall they do with all this learning and all this efficiency, if they know not Christ. The call of Japan to-day is heartrending. We must take the gospel to Japan or the back-wash upon our own nation in immorality and infidelity will be terrific. Japan, with its growing vices, is at our door, and, as its goods will have to be considered in the open market, so its lusts are going to be distributed on the open market. We must, I say, we must carry the gospel to Japan. Of all the nations, it is the easiest to carry it to Japan. Great crowds gather in Japan. Revivals can be held, just as they are in America. The Japanese themselves can hold them. Let us pray that many of our evangelists will be called to Japan, if only for a season. In my own trip, my heart travelled as I met my brethren in conference to a strong Bible school manned by the Japanese, out from which is to go our native evangelists everywhere to preach the gospel to Japan.

THE BACK-WASH

We are either to carry the gospel of Jesus Christ to the ends of the earth as we are commissioned to do by Jesus Christ in His last words on earth, or the religions of earth and the cults of earth will take away our gospel. Christ personally says that He will come, if this is not done, and take away our candlestick. The one great mission of the church of Jesus Christ on earth is to evangelize the world, not to educate it. Not to plow it, but to evangelize

the world; not to beautify it, but to evangelize the world; not to commercialize it, but to evangelize the world.

All these things are by-products, which will sink out of sight when evangelism, which is the salt of the earth, is retarded. God has a program from heaven for Christianizing the earth, for reforming it, for enlightening all nations; and this program is set up at His personal return, when He comes back with the redeemed, the born again of all these two thousand years of evangelism.

As redeemed members of His reigning body, we will bring blessing into every benighted land. The program now for the church on earth is to get out this body of believers. Our one great task is to preach the gospel the world around, and let "whoever will, take of the water of life freely." If we do not do what we are commissioned to do, the back-wash from the piled-up misconception of our task will overwhelm us, and the light that was in us will become darkness.

At the opening of the great war, when Australia had volunteered to come into the great struggle, Britain sent her word to build ships. Instead of building ships, she raised wheat, more wheat, much wheat. She felt she knew what she could do best, and what her part in the program should be. Therefore, she did not build ships, but brought her wheat to the docks.

She sacked all for which she had sacks, piled them as outer wall, and poured the loose wheat inside of this wheat-sack bin. All seemed to go well for a

while when, suddenly, white mice were seen by millions infesting the wheat. Then, suddenly, on the white mice, appeared a ring-worm. They left their wheat home and went into the houses of the people. The people took the ring-worm, until the government had to inaugurate a campaign for the extermination of the white mice.

The church of Christ on earth was told to build ships in which to carry the gospel to "Jerusalem, Judaea, and the uttermost part of the earth." Instead, she settled down to build great steeples, to gather to herself rare orators and preachers, to build up a great organization with multiplied offices and officers, to engage in great philanthropic expenditures, in great governmental reforms, to heap to herself "teachers having itching ears," and schools requiring great fortunes of money.

Into this great piled-up church wheat, came the white rats of rationalism and materialism, with higher criticism and modernism's denunciation of "the faith once for all delivered to the saints." The ring-worm of unbelief and worldliness has broken out.

The church was supposed to go out into the world and preach, but the world has come into the church and with all her hydraheaded lusts and carnal desires. In the place of our American piety and the faith of our fathers has been dumped on our shores the Sabbathless cabaret, the jazz life of Europe, and the fashions of Paris. Our godly avenues have been changed into boulevards of lust and shops where

men can find their maddening pleasures that turn the heart from God.

We have not taken the gospel to Catholic countries, and Catholicism has had a full rein, taking the Bible from our schools and putting her power into politics. The Knights of Columbus have overshadowed the Y. M. C. A. Cults have sprung up, made from religions of the Old World, which have carried away our people by the thousands. Christian Science edifices rear themselves in architectural beauty throughout the cities of this country in open, blatant denial of every tenet of the gospel.

This and other isms are the blisters in the ring-worm breaking out among the people.

"It was the Congress of Religions at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893 that, with a so-called spirit of fine religious tolerance, beckoned the first holy man from their fastnesses in the Himalayas. That benign condescension was proved to be fraught with far-reaching consequences.

"The Swamies and Babas, who came to America, discarded in India the simplicity of their sanhyasi garb for gorgeous robes more suited to western tastes. They arrived silken-clad and sandal-shod. The incense of sandalwood burned in their honour all the way from the Lake Shore Drive in Chicago, Fifth Avenue in New York, to Back Bay in Boston. These dusky-hued Orientals sat on drawing-room sofas, the centre of admiration and attention. All this was far better than squatting as was their custom, clad in dirty yellow loin-cloth, with matted hair, and covered with vermin at some heathen temple

gate. They remained among us to teach their cult to our society women, also others of their order.

“Hearing of this triumphant reception by the women of America, others combed out their matted hair and, leaving their begging bowls behind, hurried over to this so much more lucrative field. Now Seattle has its Buddha temple, San Francisco has its Hindu temple, Los Angeles has its Krishna temple, and the services are announced with other church notices on Saturday. The Vedanta Society of New York has laid at West Cornwall, Connecticut, the corner stone of a greater temple than these. It is marked, as are the stones and trees set apart for heathen worship in India, with red paint and sacred vermillion; and, graven deep in New England granite is set the most sacred word of the Vedantists, which is ‘Om.’

“Chicago, Illinois, and Lowell, Massachusetts, have their Zoroastrian temples to the Sun, another of which is to be erected in Montreal. At Chicago also, the Bahais, a modern cult of Mohammedan extraction, are building their great Mashrack-el-Askar to represent their sect in the west.

“How many are followers of these new cults it is difficult to estimate with exactness. It is known, however, that their numbers are in the thousands. Branch societies with Swamies in charge are maintained in Boston, in Pittsburg, in Washington, St. Louis, Denver, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, to say nothing of the smaller circles in hundreds of small towns.

“Shocking is the outcome of the practise of

Yogaism, the back-wash of Hinduism, simply because we have not carried the gospel as we should to these benighted fields.

"Mrs. May Wright Sewell, a club woman of national reputation, who spent much time with Mrs. Bull at the latter's Cambridge home, is said to be a physical wreck through the practise of Yoga and the study of occultism. The relatives of Mrs. Ellen Shaw, of Lowell, Massachusetts, awhile ago petitioned the courts that a conservator be appointed to prevent her bestowing her property on the sun worshippers. Witnesses at the trial testified that Mrs. Shaw had taken nude baths on the lawn of her residence in the fashionable Hyde Park section of Lowell. Last spring, Dr. Wm. R. C. Latsen, a New York physician, was found mysteriously dead in his Riverside Drive apartment, and Alta Markheva, a young Jewish girl, who called him her man-god, or guru, in the study of Yoga, attempted to follow him in suicide. Her sister, Mrs. Rebecca Cohen, moaned, 'This new religion seems to me to be of the devil. It has disgraced my sister and taken her from her people.'

"More recently, the handsome, cultured wife of President Winthrop Ellsworth Stone, of Purdue University, at La Fayette, Indiana, has abandoned home and husband and children to join the sun worshippers in the study of Yoga. Dr. Stone went before the Board of the Presbyterian Church and announced, 'I want your prayers and your sympathy. I love my wife. She is as dear to me as she ever was. I hope that she will sometime come to her senses and return to me and my boys.'"

The back-wash will come from other lands as well. I have spoken of the back-wash of the labour trouble from Japan and China. There will be the back-wash of literature, the back-wash of immorality, the back-wash of commercialism, all because we did not send this gospel speedily to the ends of the earth.

God left this continent through the livelong centuries until fourteen-ninety-two. He left it lavish in gold and silver, coal and oil, lavish in land and water, lavish in every form of climate, lavish in every kind of tree and vine. He brought to it for settlement a people hungry for liberty to serve God at the dictates of their own conscience, and, to-day, it is a land lavish in liberty.

Why do you think He set us here between occultism and orientalism, if it was not to speedily, with His lavish gifts, to carry the gospel? Great Britain has followed her flag with her missionaries of the cross. God has blessed her in every land. It seems that all the missionary societies should hold at least one day a year, in which to thank God for the British empire and what she has done to open the way to the gospel in all lands; also, to pray that in this last and final hour, America might hear the call of God and lead forward into the new gospel trenches, with her men and money for the task of carrying the gospel to the uttermost part and thus bringing back the King.

The task of the Church on earth to-day is to take the gospel 'ROUND THE ROUND WORLD!

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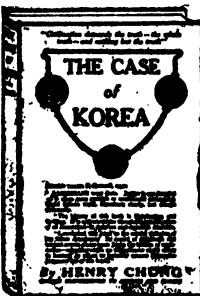
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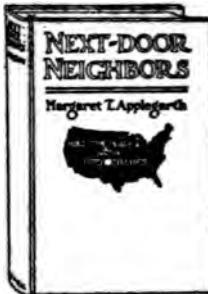
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